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THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE MODERN PEEPING TOM.

SIR PETER TEAZLE, IN AN AMATEUR COMPANY, CREATES A NEW SCENE IN THE "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" AND IS DISCOVERED BY INDIGNANT MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

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SNAPPY—the cold.

A HAPPY New Year!

MANURE must go—but where?

TARTAR emetic—a Chinese victory over the French.

PINK dinners are becoming fashionable. Noses are still painted red.

A GOOD Christmas-box—the professor's two-round match with the anti-sparring cranks.

WHEN a woman becomes silent she "shuts up;" when an iron mill does the same it "shuts down."

LOOK out now for the usual foolhardy-youth-thin-ice-with-fatal-result item. It turns up, on an average, twice a day.

THE Murray Hill Ladies' Health Protective Association have raised Kane—out of the manure business in the North river.

THIS is the time of year when the poor devil who gets \$25 a week is requested to lend a brother unfortunate \$2 ten times a day.

THE average New York confectioner is the chap who wants the whole (French) earth. He uses it to make fifty-cent-a-pound candy of.

A POET says: "The Christmas turkey lieth low." Yes, but the market man lieth high, and you have to pay his price or eat no turkey.

TAFFY in its purest form is bad enough, but adulterated and highly-colored taffy! Bah! Yet the Board of Health says the stores are full of it.

A MEMBER of Col. Mapleson's opera company has become insane. Several other improvements in the company have also been made lately.

ONE more year of POLICE GAZETTES! Who wouldn't be willing to "bide a wee" this side of the golden stair for such an inducement as that, eh?

THEY say that Victoria Morosini is very amateurish. We should have thought, on the contrary, that she has had quite a good deal of coaching.

A SOUTHERN editor vouches for it as a fact that all angels are blonde. This is proof positive that the Southern editor's present wife is a brunette.

EVANGELIST MOODY is going to convert Cincinnati. If he makes a good job of it, the next thing he'd better tackle is the case of Brother Ingersoll.

"Kossuth isn't dead!" Kossuth, Kossuth, Kossuth—Oh, yes! He was the chap who invented a hat that went out of style ten years ago. Certainly.

BELVA LOCKWOOD's tricycle was run over and smashed by a cab last week, and the District of Columbia is sweating blood for fear the irate ex-candidate sues for damages.

THE only important point on which the German reichstag is divided is whether it is better to use Bismarck as a door-mat, or to put him on a handle and use him for a mop.

STATESMEN seem to require much liquid refreshment. The Republican committee at Waterbury, Conn., are considerably aroused over a bill presented by the Seville House for over \$30 worth of wines, liquors and cigars furnished to Hon. Emory Storrs, of Chicago, on the night of an address delivered by him during the campaign. Liquor-Storrs as a campaign agency are not a new idea.

So there is to be no Brazilian war after all. There goes another chance for the United States to make money out of the quarrels of other nations. The world is becoming disgustingly good-natured.

A NEW terror in store for President Cleveland. Jerry Black's widow, who hasn't set foot in the White House since Buchanan's time, is going to call on the new Democratic executive the moment he gets there.

A DEMOCRATIC editor in Missouri is said to have sold his paper and started a saloon. He says that he has felt the public pulse, and "the long-felt want" of the present is a little something for the stomach's ache.

WILL somebody who has a copy of the Missouri statutes handy tell us whether there is a law down there making it a crime for any citizen of the State to neglect to apply for an office under the new administration?

WE admire the promptness of the Canadian authorities in suppressing that nuisance, the Salvation Army, but they would gain our respect oftener if they would occasionally drive back a few of our bank cashiers.

FRENCHMEN for the first time are enjoying the conveniences of a divorce law, and immediately Paris is placarded by an agency for the detection of marital infidelity—no proof, no charge. Verily, there is but one Paris.

MONEY may be "close," as the financial reports say, but it doesn't prevent horse-cars from being crowded with people who are overburdened with bundles. Many persons have got "close" enough to money to get hold of it.

A STREET car broke loose and ran down Capitol hill, in Washington, the other day, injuring several Congressmen who sat in another car at the foot of the hill. Nobody was very seriously hurt. Most of the bruises were about the head.

NOW that we're in 1885 and can look back, what a wonderful sight the last fifty-two numbers of the POLICE GAZETTE present! Talk of "a vivid epitome of the times!" Why, they beat the Times and all the other newspapers of the world put together.

HA! ha! We are avenged! We are avenged! Sergeant Bates is so hard up that his sword has been levied on for debt, and the flag he carried through the country is in the hands of the sheriff. Now for George Francis Train, Private Dalziel and Eli Perkins!

WHEN Austrian bank presidents swindle their depositors, they don't go to Canada—but the other place, with the help of a pistol-shot. This argues a delinquency of sentiment which Eno & Co. would do well to imitate. Our bank-robbers, unhappily, never say die.

THE destruction of Harrigan & Hart's theatre is an event which will evoke lots of sympathy and regret, for no two better or bigger-hearted fellows exist than Ed. Harrigan and Tony Hart. Ten to one they make twice the money they lose this year inside the next ten.

INSPECTOR MURRAY is mentioned as Superintendent Walling's successor. Why not? A more capable officer and a better man isn't connected with the Police Department. If anybody is entitled to promotion it is the gray-eyed Inspector with the long mustache and the soft voice.

"My dear," said Gen. Logan to his wife at the breakfast table on Thanksgiving Day, "what is correct: 'Me and Jim is left,' or 'Jim and me is left,' or 'I and Jim are left?'" "They are all correct," replied the lady, as she kicked the cat out from under the table and emptied the salt-cellar in the General's coffee.

SOME of the good people in the region terrified by the depredations of Abe Buzzard's gang of robbers have taken to praying for his conversion as the only remedy. This is at least safer than facing a dead-shot whose repeating rifle fires "thirty-two times in a minute without taking it from the shoulder."

SOME years ago Delmonico found it necessary to apply to his waiters some insignia by which they might be known from his guests, and so made a rule that they should wear no mustaches. With the incoming tide from foreign shores of clean-shaven upper lips the badge is no longer distinctive, and some new device will have to be hit upon.

MISS MACKAY, who is to marry an Italian prince with titles much longer than his purse, is described as "transcendently beautiful." Her features, her complexion, her figure, are "absolutely ravishing." Melissonnier ought to have introduced some of the daughter's loveliness into his portrait of her mother.

Now that the World has got through with a false Count, it has tackled what it claims is a bogus Marquisate. Titles of nobility, like those of every other work of fiction, ought to be copyrighted to stand good.

MISS FORTESCUE, the English actress, has become engaged to a Mr. Harry Quilter, bank clerk and musical critic. The \$50,000 which she compelled Lord Garmoyne's pa to give her as balm for a wounded heart, will be her dowry. She ought to invite to her wedding the idiotic dude who jilted her.

A SHIRT manufacturing firm in this city paid a Brooklyn man and his family \$1.75 for making 291 shirts. At such wages as this they couldn't buy food enough to give them strength to sing the "Song of the Shirt." But what sort of a firm must it be, anyhow, that would offer such starvation wages to a human being?

MRS. MOROSINI-HULSKAMP is going to visit the boundless West as a concert singer. Mrs. M. H. is rash. In that critical section of the country a sensational elopement with the family coachman will not compensate for vocal deficiencies, as it has done in the uncritical and uncultured East.

MR. ABE BUZZARD, the Pennsylvania bandit, has become uncommonly bold, lately, and the excitable newspapers of the State are devoting column after column to the record of his past and to the accounts of his recent depredations. Mr. Buzzard has apparently been emboldened by the large Blaine majority in his State.

A CRANK declares his intention of jumping from the top of the Washington monument for the sake of the sensation, and threatens to blow it up with dynamite if foiled in his desire. If the idiot has sufficient funds with which to buy a coffin he should be permitted to jump; otherwise, he might be found useful in a chain-gang.

A LARGE majority of American editors are sitting on Mr. Alfred Tennyson's jocular vein just at present, simply because in a moment of senile paralysis he did a foolish thing which he entitled "Freedom." Never mind, Alfred; in less than a month the most of us will be reprinting that old chestnut you invented about the "wild bells," and the "wild sky, the flying cloud, the frosty light," etc.

THE REVISED POLICE GAZETTE RULES.

The following are the "Police Gazette" boxing rules, revised January, 1885, which shall from the above date govern all contests issued by Richard K. Fox, editor and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

RULE 1—The weights of all shall be as follows: For heavy, over 155 pounds; middle, under 155 pounds and over 140 pounds; light, under 140 pounds.

RULE 2—No wrestling or hugging allowed. The rounds to be of 3 minutes' duration, and 1 minute time allowed for resting between each round.

RULE 3—In all contests two time-keepers shall be appointed, and the referee, under no circumstances, shall keep time.

RULE 4—During the contest if either man fall through weakness or otherwise he must get up unassisted, 10 seconds being allowed him to do so, the other man meanwhile to retire to his corner, and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the 3 minutes have expired, and if one man fails to come to the scratch in the 10 seconds allowed it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award in favor of the other man.

RULE 5—A contestant hanging on the ropes in a helpless state, with his toes off the ground, shall be considered down. No seconds, or any other person but the referee, to be allowed in the ring during the round.

RULE 6—When either contestant is knocked down within the allotted 3 minutes he shall be allowed 10 seconds to get on his feet again, unassisted, except when this occurs in the last 10 seconds.

RULE 7—The gloves to be fair-sized boxing-gloves of the best quality, and new. Should a glove burst or come off it must be replaced to the referee's satisfaction. A man on one knee is considered down, and if struck while in that position it will be considered foul. No shoes or boots with spikes allowed.

RULE 8—That any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the referee being obtained, shall be deemed to have lost.

RULE 9—That the seconds shall not interfere, advise or direct the adversary of their principal, and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to their principals.

RULE 10—If either man shall willfully throw himself down without receiving a blow—whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not—he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent, or from obvious accident.

RULE 11—If a glove shall burst or come off, it must be replaced immediately to the satisfaction of the referee. Any tampering with the gloves, by forcing the hair from the knuckles or otherwise, shall be considered foul.

RULE 12—An honest and competent referee, who is familiar with the rules, shall be chosen, whose orders must be promptly obeyed, and his decisions in all cases shall be final. In order that exhibitions may be conducted in a quiet and pleasant manner, it is suggested that the referee should always request all persons present to refrain (while a contest is in progress) from any loud expression or demonstration.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



Who doesn't know George Bartholomew, the bright, talented and genial editor of the *Daily News*? Our artist has depicted him in one of his happiest moments, presiding over the press-room at a public ball. On such an occasion George is, more than ever, a host in himself.

Jumping Jack Jones will train the Yale team for next season.

Geo. M. Reeder, the President of the Easton Club, and for years the chief supporter of baseball in Easton, Pa., died Dec. 12.

Peterson, the California oarsman, who returned from England recently, will take part in the New Orleans regatta in May.

The Marquis of Queensberry has gone to fight the Boers as a private trooper. It isn't likely that the Boers will be governed by his rules, however.

Gus Walton is enjoying roller-skating as a means of getting into condition for races on "the real thing." He expects to lower the colors of the genial Sam Montgomery.

Dude Esterbrook has added a new silk dicer to the sealskin overcoat with which he has been playing havoc on the North Shore ferry-boats of Staten Island. He is now simply irresistible.

George H. Ellis, of this city, arrived in Chicago Dec. 9. It is his purpose to remain in that city for some weeks, in order to overlook (this goes because of his rare height) the billiard men there.

Charles P. Shean and Louis Guillet, of this city, have challenged Moses Yatter and Charles P. Campbell, of Boston, to play a game of billiards for \$500 a side. They have each posted a forfeit of \$100.

Charles Hammond, who pitched great ball in the Southern League last season, and Phillip McFarland, of the Toledo Club, will play as a battery with one of the clubs in the New York State League next season.

Thomas Deasley, the catcher, has bought his release from Chris. Von der Ahe, the President of the St. Louis Club, for \$400, and will probably sign with the New York Club for next season. He is now residing in this city.

John Lecoq, a horse-trader, arrived at this port from Belgium Dec. 11, bringing with him four very large stallions, whose average weight is 1,800 pounds (one weighs 400 pounds more than that) and whose value is \$10,000. They were on their way to Chicago.

Sir William Vernon 'Arcourt, the 'Ome Secretary, don't-cher-know, is mortal down on prize-fighting. But the British magistrates, who like a bit of sport once in awhile, only impose fines when culprits are brought before them. So the 'Ome Secretary gets left.

Ormond H. Butler, who is now business manager of Evans & Hoey's "Parlor Match" Company, purposes re-entering the baseball arena next season either as manager or umpire. He has had plenty of experience, having successfully managed the National, of Washington; Quickstep, of Wilmington; Baltimore and Allegheny clubs, besides acting as umpire for the American Association.

Archie Stalker, widely and favorably known to the sporting and theatrical profession, and long identified with the Theatre Comique, has resumed business as a caterer for the fluid requirements of his many friends and mankind in general at No. 2 West Fourth street, one door from Broadway. The handsome wine-room was formally opened Dec. 15, and that there was a rare old house-warming goes without saying.

The Emerald Association of Brooklyn have elected Mr. Bernard Leavy President for the year 1885. This is a graceful tribute to a worthy and efficient member, who has labored zealously at all times for the success of the organization.

Dan Sully's "Corner Grocery" still continues to hold its record of second to none on the road. Master Malvey, as the "Bad, Forgetful Boy," retains the reputation of being one of the biggest hits of the year.

Mr. Miles M. O'Brien has been elected President of the Union Boat Club. He has served the club faithfully in many positions, and has had much to do with its present great prosperity. He will prove a very popular executive officer.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Great American Dime Museum and Its Dangerous Influence on the Unholy Art of Ham-Fat.

Every year the theatrical profession is put to its trumps for a new explanation of the bad business which seems to be chronic with it. When it is not a Presidential election it is a theatrical fire that has knocked things endways. Last year the intelligent idiots who play at being managers said their failure was entirely due to skating rinks. In other words, people preferred rolling around on castors to being bored by the monkey-shines of a lot of gawky ham-fatters.

This year they all account for their ruin in another way. It is the Dime Museum that has done it.

What is this benefactor of the human race? Whence comes this deliverer of poor, oppressed, jay-ridden mortality? What sort of beneficent institution may it be?

Well, there are dime museums and dime museums. The dime museum of our friend Mr. Hickman on the



The skeleton banquet.

Bowery, is an establishment in which the public reasonably expects to be amazed, diverted and instructed by genuine curiosities gathered with a lavish hand from all the four corners of this habitable globe—and by the same token, a habitable globe is about the only kind of globe eccentric enough to have corners.

But this is a mere parenthesis. Alas! there are any number of dime museums which are not run on the Hickman plan, but which seem to exist exclusively, and sometimes with enormous success, on the confidence of the Great American Sucker. It is in these mansions of bliss that the envelope racket is worked, and that the country gentleman who



Blowing up the Fat Woman.

is invited in to toy with the sea-lion invariably retires from that interview as "flat broke" as if he had been trampled upon by wild elephants.

There are traditions in the dime museum business as there are on the regular stage. Just as in "Richard III." the Lord Mayor, for some inscrutable reason, is always played as a buffoon, so in every well-regulated dime museum there must be a Living Skeleton, a Fat Woman, a Bearded Lady, a Man-Eater, a Circassian Girl and an Arctic Survivor.

The Living Skeleton usually hails from down East, and has contracted himself to his present limits by a



The Bearded Lady off watch.

steady diet of pumpkin pie and hard cider. But although his stomach cannot possibly exceed the dimensions of a gas-pipe, as soon as he begins to earn a

salary as a freak, he commences to indulge in such wild orgies in the way of square meals, that he soon outgrows his position, and generally winds up as a Fat Boy.

It is a fact not widely known, on the other hand, that the Fat Woman of a dime museum is usually a



A bird's-eye view of Circassia.

thin kind of creature, residing temporarily in a sort of flesh-colored balloon, which is inflated at show time. A good many Fat Women have been professionally ruined by bad little boys sticking pins into unconscious parts of their anatomy. In Amsterdam, New York, a Fat Woman was reduced to a state of collapse by coming into violent contact with one of her corset steels.

It never has been definitely settled that there is such a thing as a real Bearded Lady. A universal opinion,



The Man-Eater of Madagascar.

amounting almost to belief, insists that all Bearded Ladies are also and likewise breeched and booted gentlemen. It is a queer thing, anyhow, that Bearded Ladies always drink their whisky straight, smoke cigars and swear like pirates.

The supply of Circassian Girls for dime museum purposes is principally kept up by East Broadway, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. It is not necessary to be born in Circassia to be a Circassian Girl. All that you



The Arctic (cheek) Survivor.

have to do if you are a girl and want to Circassianize yourself is to pour stale beer on your head till your hair frizzes out from your head like an electrified mop and then chatter in gibberish which you don't yourself understand.

The Man-Eating Monster of Madagascar is not a man-eating monster at all and does not come from Madagascar. On the contrary, he is a beefsteak and, ham-eating darkey from Thompson street, which classic locality has in its time produced some of the most famous man-eaters of modern times. When his proprietor cordially invites any gentleman in the audience to come up and be eaten as an

evidence of good faith, he knows that no gentleman is likely to embarrass the alleged Man-Eater by accepting the tempting offer.

The Arctic Survivor is a recent acquisition, but he is very numerous. There must, in fact, be about (1800) eighteen hundred of him scattered all over the country. It is hard to account for this numerosity, because it would seem to prove there is nothing for an Arctic Survivor to survive. Shrewd observers, however, have come to the conclusion that the only really Arctic thing about the Arctic Survivor of the dime museum is his cheek, and that the only thing he has ever survived is an inordinate consumption of gin diversified with a diet of free lunches.

There is no denying, in spite of all this, that the Dime Museum, as an American institution, is a big thing.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Freddie Schwab got up the amazing dinner to Adelina Patti.

Fanny Davenport is one of the most profitable stars on the road.

Tom Keene has made more money on the road this season, so far, than he did all last year.

Arthur Elliott, an accomplished young Australian actor, is the husband of Louise Pomeroy.

Janisch, having got rid of Harry Sargent, is making a hit everywhere under the management of Frank Gardiner.

Frank Girard isn't wise to go on the road on his own hook. He might get caught by it—in fact, he probably will.

Fay Templeton drops comic opera next season and plays straight comedy. Good. One more tribulation self-suppressed.

William—late Willie—Seymour, having left the Lyceum theatre syndicate, is "blowing the gaff" on Steele Mackaye with a vengeance.

John Preposterous Picayune Smith seems to have caught on once more to the wrong end of the stick—with Bob Graham's "Brother Max."

Lulu Hurst's "magnetism" is said to have given out. Poor little Jonah Stinson is held responsible for her failure. He is about as electric as a stale oyster.

In Corry, Pennsylvania, they are transforming the skating rink into an opera-house. Everywhere else they are transforming opera houses into rinks.

Genial, generous Harry Sanderson has been elected Exalted Grand Ruler of the Benevolent Order of Elks. The B. O. O. E. has done itself great honor by the selection.

Poor Jonah McCaull! He isn't going to produce any more new new operas (for the best of reasons), but will refresh the public with gorgeous revivals of Gilbert & Sullivan's operas. Chestnut!

Marshall Mallory isn't going to reduce admission prices at the Madison Square, no matter what the public may demand. The public, as a rule, has a good deal more to say on this subject than the managers.

Harry Miner is to build a theatre on Madison square next season. He will soon be followed across town by Michael Heumann, who shares the east side honors with the jovial and accomplished Henry.

In Parkersburgh, W. Va., the presentation of a twenty-five-cent "floral offering" to a popular actress is such a rare and infrequent event that the local newspapers promptly notice it in their editorial columns.

Boudcault's company is "bursting." The palace car is for sale and the Irish Shakespeare is mournfully contemplating his prospects as second old man in the Boston museum stock company. Alack and well-a-day!

Old man Couldock is spending the winter with Joe Jefferson on his Louisiana plantation. He draws his salary all the same, even if "Hazel Kirke" has been shut off in deference to the outraged feelings of the American public.

The Madden-Mitchell party, under Harry Webb's indefatigable and sagacious management, are coining money on the road. There are no flies on this Webb—and you can take a ticket on that, as Pat Sheedy says, every time.

Tony Pastor thinks of retiring from the stage as a singer, and will give all attention in future to the management of his house. Tony is quite a boy yet—and as big-hearted and whole-souled a boy as there is in the world, at that.

Bartley Campbell's combinations seem to be a trifle weary of ill-doing. They are "resting" a good deal—quite a very good deal in fact. If Campbell were to give the public a rest as well as take one, what a noble, popular fellow he would be!

Rose Leighton, a very clever and very pretty woman, is now the wife of Gus Kerker, a very brilliant and industrious young band-master. Before becoming Mrs. Kerker, Miss Leighton was the wife of Mr. Wm. Forrester, a very queer comedian.

Barney McCauley is in such delicate health that he has to take an understudy along with him ready to jump on the stage at a moment's notice. Barney's delicacy takes the regular theatrical form of an undue and untimely propensity to "budge."

All malicious reports to the contrary notwithstanding, "The Shadow of a Great City" was written by Lem Snell and not by Joseph Jefferson. For some reason Shewell has always been plagued by a lot of spiteful enemies who grudge him every kind of credit.

Fanny Janauschek has at last quarreled with her manager, Edward Taylor. He succeeded little Nat Childs and has, in turn, given place to Harry Sargent. Harry's reign will be very short-lived. It won't be a reign at all, in fact—nothing but a brief shower.

Harry St. Maur is playing Hamlet in London. The Lord be thanked, he confines his crime to London. By long odds, the toughest and tartest actor in the business, nobody will deny that he is the soul of good nature and as kind-hearted a duffer as the day is long.

Alma Stuart Stanley has been engaged as leading lady of the Third Avenue theatre co-operative stock company. As the Third Avenue theatre will pass, in a few days, into the possession of Ad. Neuendorf, Alma seems to have caught on to one more sinecure.

Theall & Williams are rapidly coming to the fore as enterprising and liberal managers. Their latest venture is the production of Will Cowper's "Last Hope." Let us all hope, as we fondly believe, that it won't turn out to be of the forlorn brand of cardinal virtue.

Actors' salaries are being heavily cut down all round the country. It's high time they were. There is no class of idlers so overpaid as the alleged dramatic profession. Most of its members would be getting twice as much as they are worth if they received letter-carriers' wages.

Leigh Lynch wears a 68-4 hat nowadays. It used to measure 9 1/2 when he was treasurer of the Union Square theatre. Lynch, by the way, is at present sole proprietor and manager of the Anna Teresa Berger Combination, which consists exclusively of Anna Teresa Berger and her husband, Leigh Lynch.

The "improvements" of Janauschek's "My Life" have all been cut out and the play goes a good deal better. Janauschek, by the way, says she isn't going to be either cajoled or abused into doing Freund's "True Nobility," which, she says, is the sole and exclusive property of Ida Johnson, of San Francisco.

Louise Pomeroy, who is an exceptionally good actress, came to grief in her New York venture, 'cause of the play. "Unlucky" was a good French story so badly dramatized as to suggest that little "Caz" must have done the job. Caz, by the way, is out of the Union Square syndicate, having been replaced by Col. Milliken.

Hyde & Behman's new dime museum, late Park theatre, is an immense "go." The original M. S. of Stevens' "Unknown," together with divers receipted bills by that great actor, are among the most interesting curiosities. Old man Duft will occasionally snatch time from his onerous financial duties at the Standard to figure as a freak.

H. Wayne Ellis is at last tasting a little of the prosperity he has worked hard for and faithfully earned. It was the fashion among square-comedians to snub and insult Ellis because he was as unsuccessful as he was energetic and industrious. Now that he is doing well and earning a little money it is astonishing how popular he is.

There must be more idiots at large than most people suspect, for Joe Emmett has found it necessary to advertise that he will prosecute all persons playing "The Strange Marriage of Fritz." It is just as if the Board of Health were to announce that it would prosecute everybody guilty of willfully and maliciously catching small-pox or cholera.

Poor Henry E. Abbey! His misguided operative venture not only cleaned him out of every dollar he had, but has reduced him to the necessity of raising the wind to pay his judgments by pledging his Anderson season in advance. Too bad. A crueler act never was committed than the cajoling of this amiable and competent manager into the deep and muddy waters of Italian opera.

The "Mirror" is, by long odds, the best of all the theatrical weeklies, and Mrs. Fiske's "Giddy Gusher" articles are, in their way, a revelation of wit, pathos, energetic English and shrewd common sense—but the old and loquacious party who does Zanesville and Urbana for Brother Fiske ought to be sat down upon by Fanny Janauschek or some equally ponderous artiste.

The "Police Gazette" used to be roundly abused for declaring that the day of big theatrical profits was over and that the "profession" was coming down to a Richardson's show basis. And now come into court Brooks & Dickson who manfully confess that \$150 makes a tremendous house on the road, and that the only places of entertainment which are making money are the dime museums. So mote it be!

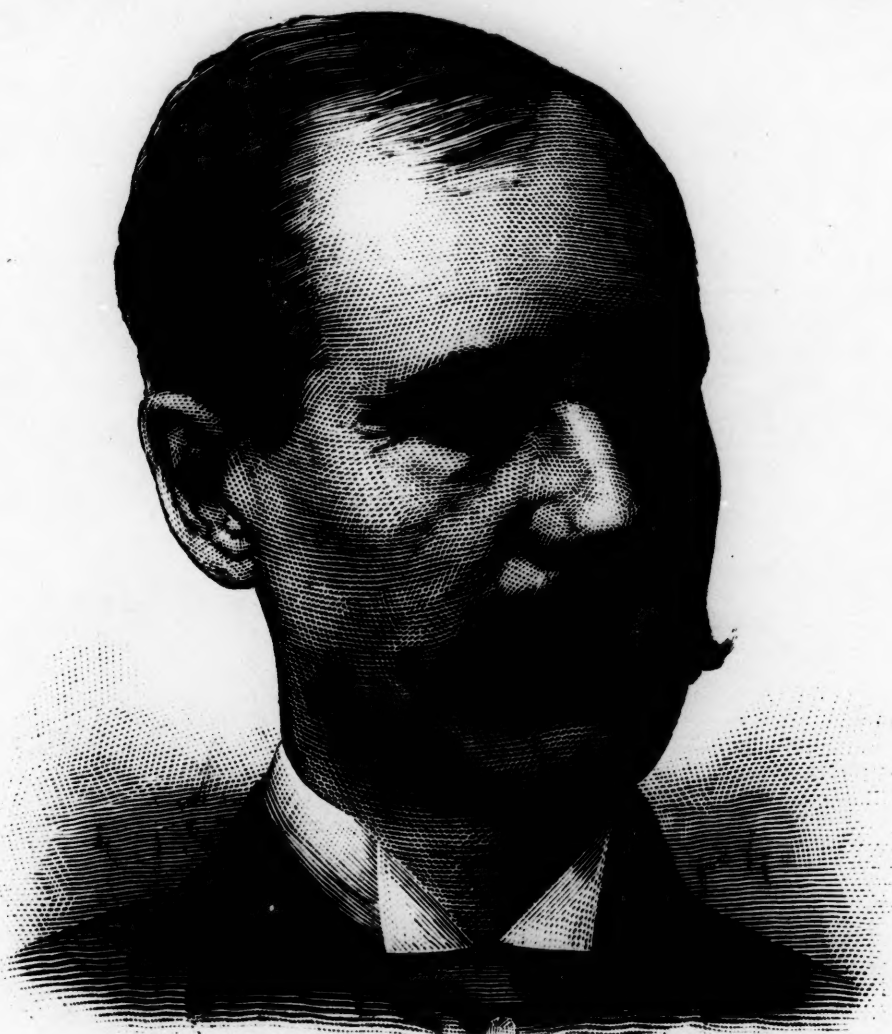
Mark Tapley Rice is only happy when he is on the road. His city show is making money and he is correspondingly dull and dejected when he is in New York. But on the road there is the very Dickens to pay among his artists, who complain that they don't get their salaries with any sort of regularity. Ergo, on the road Marcus Tapleys fairly overflows with jollity and good humor.

Grace Hawthorne is making a lot of money in the Northwest for Catch On Kelly. It has been pretty cold out there—but it takes a whole month of Arctic frigidity to knock out the American girl and her bustling manager. Catch-On Kelly, by the way, advertises the talent and not the diamonds of his star, and disdains to obtain notoriety dirt cheap by posing as a lunatic.

Sam Grau has swollen visibly during the "Mam'zelle" engagement at the Fifth Avenue. He is in a condition now to lend a little money once in awhile to Maurice, who, sticking to French opera, will always be glad of assistance now and then. Sammy, by the way, wears one of the vilest hats that ever covered a clever head. Amee ought, out of sheer self-respect, to present him with one of Kennedy's best.

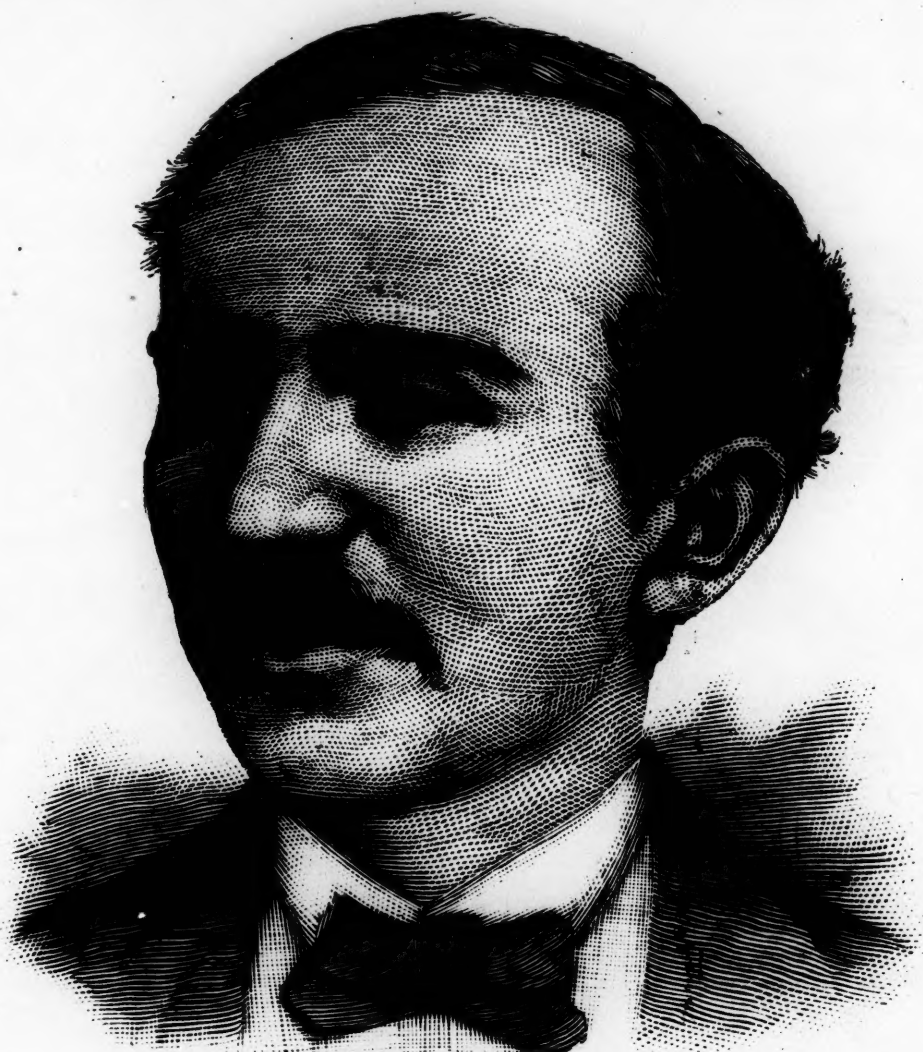
Steele Mackaye is in several gallons of hot water with the Lyceum scheme. He has, as usual, converted the original idea of Frohman and Sargent into a project for his own personal benefit. The new Lyceum theatre is not to be a gymnasium for novices and amateurs, but a nest for the incubation of a lot of "Hazel Kirkes," "Won at Lasts," "Through the Darks" and other inventions of Mackaye-villain genius. Some of the pupils, by the way, allude irreverently to their pedagogue as "Old Muggins."

The latest victim of the fatal disease known as "theatrical bighead" is a young party by the name of Henley who, having fizzled dolefully in an alleged English burlesque company, was engaged by Lester Wallack for the only decent part in Robert Buchanan's "Constance." Succeeding mildly therein, his cranium enlarged to such a terrible extent that Lewis Morrison had to be engaged to replace him in the cast of Victor Durand. The dreadful warning of Richard Mansfield's sad case seems to be thrown away on "actors" of the Henley brand—not to say Henley "variety."



HON. PETER MITCHELL.

CELEBRATED COUNSELOR AND ASSEMBLYMAN.



A. H. HUMMEL,

THE NOTED LAWYER AND WIT.

A Ghostly Soldier.

Cleveland, Ohio, is enjoying a reign of ghosts. About two weeks ago mysterious lights were seen and piercing screams heard in a tenantless house in a lonely region on Woodland Hills. Hundreds of persons have visited the strange place. Indeed it has become quite the fashion to organize excursion parties of Bacchanalian young men to visit the house at midnight. A scientist was exploring it one night when a party of young military men, wild with wine and armed to the teeth, surrounded the house, intending to fire on anything that resembled the ghost. The scientist emerged to see a score of shining barrels pointed at him. He cried "Hold!" just in the nick of time.

A few nights ago Wm. Figg, a wealthy German, discovered a ghost on the Warrensville road, near a pond where a soldier was drowned last summer. Every night since that time the sober old mule which he drives into the city

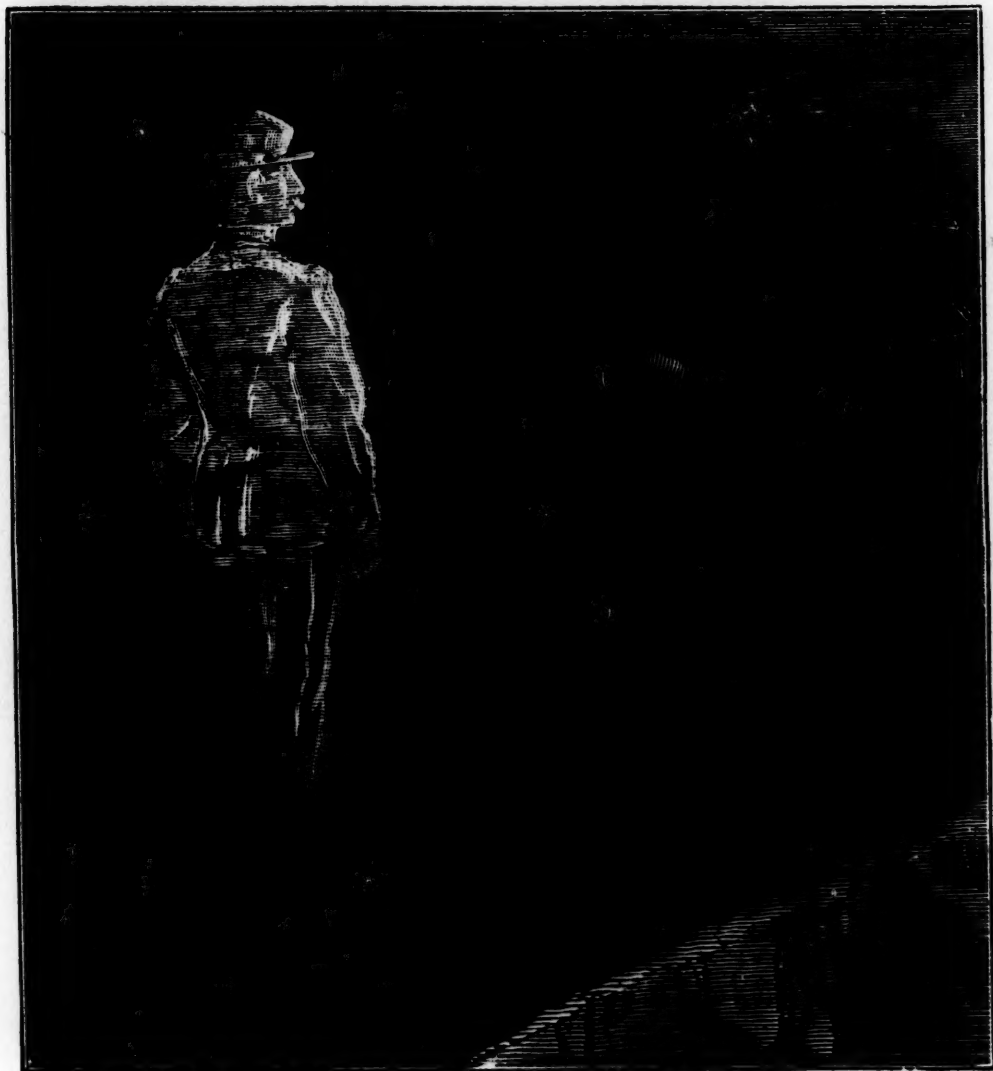
with milk for the leading hotels has reared and plunged and refused for an hour to pass the specter which William claims to have seen stalking its ghostly sentinel beside its watery grave. William, who began several years ago as a poor laborer, is now worth a quarter of a million, and he departed from his habit of economy to pay a restaurant waiter \$5 if he would drive the mule past the pond. By dint of loud shouting the waiter succeeded.

Toty Nicholson.

We present this week a portrait of Toty Nicholson, who, with Prof. Will D. Ament, has been giving skatorial exhibitions in the principal cities of the West. The little girl claims to be the champion child skater of America under eight years of age, and Prof. Ament will match her against any lady skater of her age at any time or place, for \$50 or \$100 a side, within three days after signing articles.

FREDERICK W. SPRAGUE, the Newport prophet, who has been publishing pamphlets for two years to show that George Washington was Christ, has been declared insane, and will be taken to the Rhode Island State

Asylum. A few years ago he was arrested and imprisoned in Washington, and also in Liverpool, England. He spent all his money, which he needed for food and clothing, in advocating his peculiar doctrine.



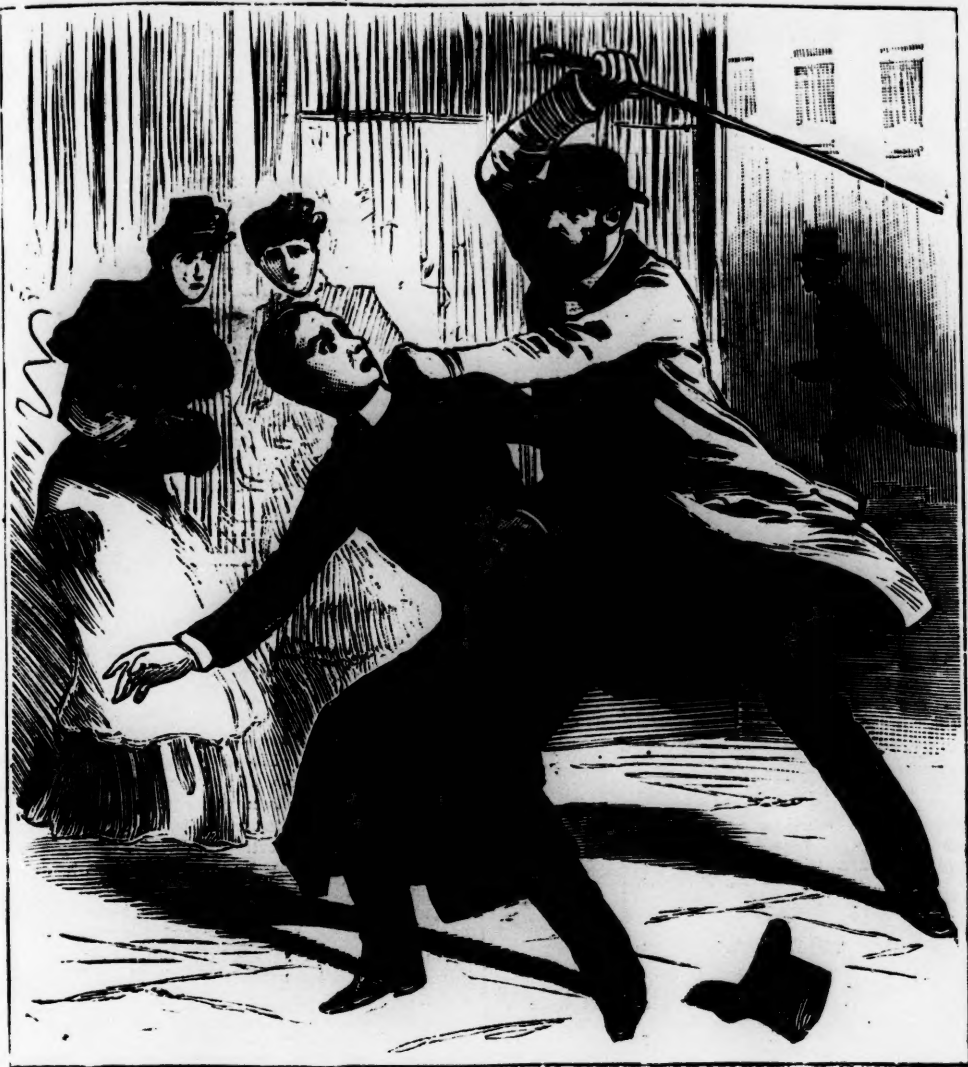
A GHOSTLY SOLDIER.

THE STARTLING SPECTER THAT IS SCARING THE GOOD PEOPLE OF CLEVELAND, O.



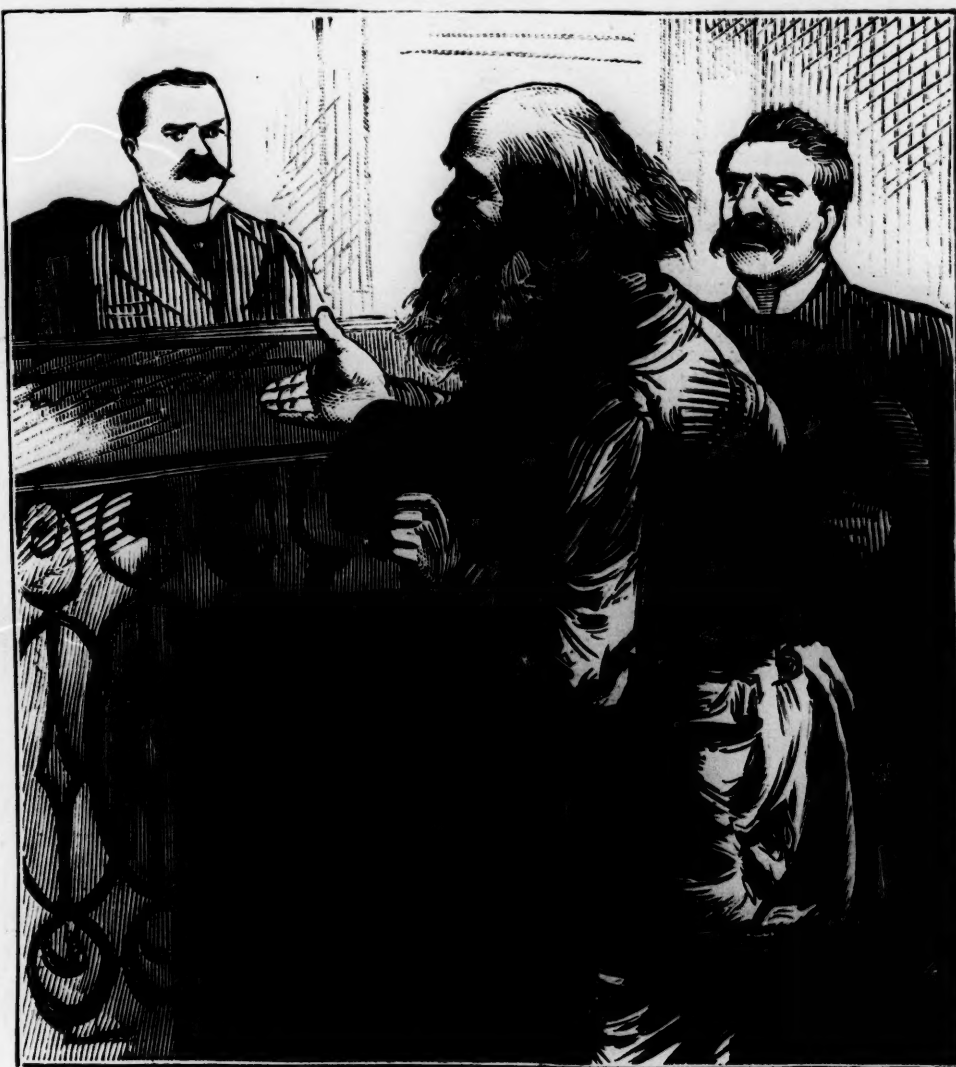
TOTY NICHOLSON,

THE WONDERFUL WESTERN CHILD-SKATER.



THRASHING A DUDE.

WHAT BEFELL AN IMPUDENT SLIM WHO INSULTED THE PRETTY GIRLS OF BURLINGTON, N. J.



RUINED BY DISSIPATION.

A WELL-KNOWN AND FORMER JUDGE OF THE MARINE COURT BECOMES A WORTHLESS TRAMP.

Ruined by Dissipation.

Since the advent of the cold weather, a number of tramps have come to the Jefferson Market Police Court and have asked to be sent to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island for the winter. During the past week thirty men and women have been committed at their own re-

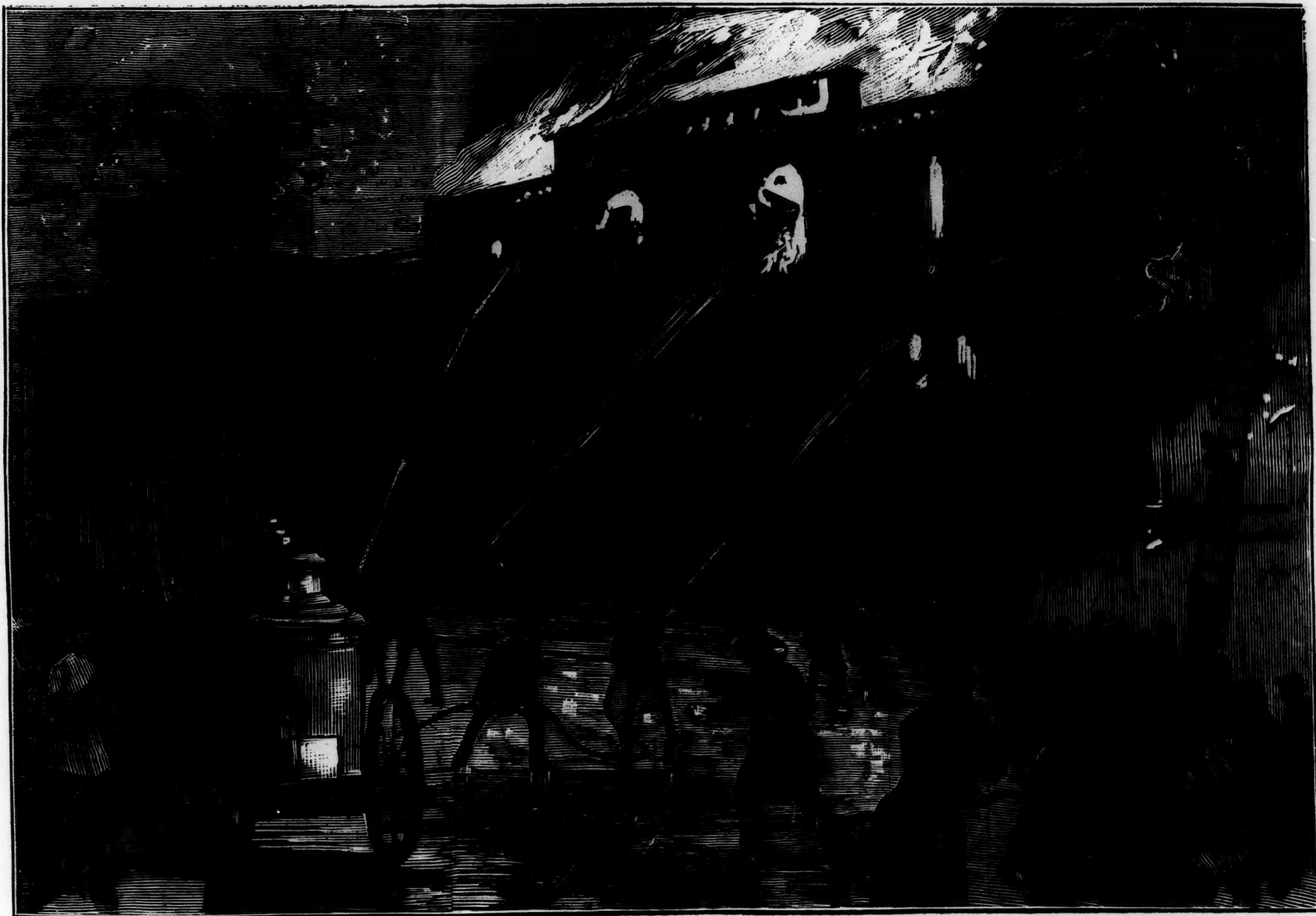
quest by Justice O'Reilly. Among those committed was a man about sixty-three years of age, of venerable appearance, who many years ago occupied an excellent position in society. He was Albert Thompson, an ex-Judge of the Marine Court (now City Court) of this city.

Thompson occupied a seat on the bench of the Marine Court during 1848 and 1850. After his

retirement from the bench he was a candidate for re-election, but failed to receive the nomination. This disappointment affected his future life.

He lost caste in the profession and sank lower and lower until he became an object of charity to those who had known him during his prosperity. Old lawyers and judges re-

membered him and gave him money for old acquaintance sake. He has been several times committed to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island. Last week he staggered into the Jefferson Market Police Court and asked to be committed. He is a mental and physical wreck from the effects of drink. Justice O'Reilly committed him.



LAID IN ASHES.

BURNING OF HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE ON THE MORNING OF DEC. 23, AT A HEAVY LOSS TO THE POPULAR MANAGERS.

CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

A Row and a Wedding and Other Funny City Happenings.

SEEING A FRIEND OFF.

A modest and unassuming man, whose good nature and generosity have endeared him to his friends, departed for Europe on the Servia the other day. He had never been across the water before, and he asked a number of friends to go down and see him off. As a rule, everybody promises to see the departing voyager safely on his way, but when the time comes for the steamer to sail hardly any one shows up. In this instance the reverse was the case. Everybody was on hand except the tourist himself, who, up to 11 o'clock, failed to put in an appearance. There was a great deal of suppressed excitement, but it was all relieved when he was discovered in a yellow cab bowling down the pier just before the hour to sail. One group of his friends was heavy-eyed and listless. Boker. Most of the others wore an air of somber and enforced cheerfulness, which seems to be the rule of steamship departures. The deck was in the usual state of commotion, weeping women, sniffling men, sentimental girls, and bawling children being inextricably mixed with stevedores, sailors, and dudes. The number of the last mentioned order, which has now become almost defunct, was very great. There were six dudes in one group, and the similarity in the



Ta! Ta! Old chaplet

texture of their coats, trousers, and hats left no shadow of doubt in the spectator's mind that they had combined their resources and bought a job lot outfit of half a dozen articles each. The majority of them devoted their minds to holding the single glass in the eye and talking with an English drawl at the same time. The combination was not successful in many instances.

When the modest tourist, who had arrived in such haste in the yellow cab, hurried up the gang-plank, his friends came forward, one after the other, shook hands with the solemnity of Quakers, and then everybody stood around with their hands in their pockets and stared at him as though he were some sort of a curious animal. He evidently didn't know what to do or say, so he finally stumbled upon the brilliant expedient of remarking that it was a pleasant day. There was a growl of assent, followed by another long silence, broken only by the Anglicised drawl of the dudes and the sobbing of the children. Then one of the men, with a ghastly and utterly ineffectual attempt at cheerfulness, thumped the tourist on the back, and yelled in a very loud and hearty tone:

"Well, old man, how are you, anyhow?"

"First rate," shouted the tourist.

Everybody smiled and moved sympathetically, and then there was another dead silence. Some one said it was a good ship, but the crowd had now become so thoroughly bored that no one made any answer, and the man who had ventured the suggestion retired to the outskirts of the group. Fortunately some one rang a bell a little while after this remark, and he chanced to say something about it. It was fifteen minutes before the bell rang again, and during that time the talk was confined to repetitions of the following conversation:

"Well, I suppose when you get to London you'll go right to London—that is, England—I mean, when you get to England you'll go right to London?"

"Oh, yes," the tourist would answer, with the same



The last glimpse.

attempt at briskness: "I expect to go there as soon as I—er—get there."

"When do you go to Paris?"

"Just after Christmas."

"Expect to paint it red?"

"Well, I shall endeavor to give a certain portion of it a lurid tinge if I'm in luck."

Then everybody would stand stupidly smiling at the tourist, until some one began it all again, or until the bell rang again.

Eventually it occurred to the brightest mind of the

party that it would be well to go down to the tourist's state-room. This met with loud acclamations of approval, and everybody started below, when another



All for her.

tap of the bell was heard, and then they all rushed up again. There was a wild accession of spirits and a warm-hearted clasp of the hand and brisk farewells, and then everybody strode with limber-kneed reluctance down the gang-plank. Then they rushed for eligible places on the end of the pier, and stood in the whistling December breeze for a full half-hour, waiting for the steamer to get under way. The tears were crystallized into little lumps of ice in the eyes of the children who hung upon their mothers' skirts and danced up and down to keep warm. The six noses of the dudes took on a brickish tinge, and their knees came together, while the whistling wind outlined the eccentric contour of their legs and blew their bottled coats awry. The fathers of families growled disgustedly and blew their noses with snorts of dissatisfaction, and when the huge steamer had at last backed out into the stream there was a universal sigh of relief.

"I'd rather attend four funerals," said the reddest-nosed man in the party, "and be the corpse in the fifth, than attempt to do the cordial again at a steamship departure."

THE LOVES OF SCHLARITZ AND SCHAFER.

Three weeks ago Annie Schlecht came to this country from Poland on a steamer in which were two young men who fell in love with her. A relative met



Kissing and making up.

the girl and took her to a boarding-house at No. 45 Washington street. The two friends—Joseph Schlaritz and Ernest Adolph Schafer—also made that place their boarding-house. Annie fancied Schafer, upon which Schlaritz took the girl to No. 115 Chatham street and got her employment as a domestic. Annie was not in the house ten minutes when she discovered that it was a disorderly place. She attempted to escape, but the female proprietor bolted the doors and kept the keys in her pocket.

The other day the girl was sent out to buy groceries, which was the first time she was on the street after entering the house. She took advantage of the opportunity and hurried to the boarding-house on Washington street, where she met Schafer. When she told him of Schlaritz's duplicity, he became terribly enraged. He sought him out, and after giving him a beating, turned him over to Detective Shalvey and Maher, of the Fourth precinct. He was taken to the Tombs, where Justice Duffy entertained a complaint of abduction against him. He persisted in the declaration that he did not know the place in Chatham street was a disorderly house. He said he loved the girl and would make her his wife.

"I'll marry her now if she says so," he added, turning to the girl. "Will you have me, Annie?"

"I've got something to say," said Schafer; "she is my promised wife."

"Which one do you want?" said Justice Duffy to the blushing maiden. "They both want you in the worst way. Which one do you want?"

"This one," she said, laying her hand on Schafer's arm.

"I love her, Judge," said the chosen one. "She will never have occasion to regret it."

They desired to be married at once, and Justice Duffy performed the ceremony in his private room. The rejected suitor signed the marriage certificate as a witness, and in response to the Judge's invitation to kiss the bride he went over and pressed his lips to hers. The complaint against Schlaritz was then dismissed. The detectives went to the dive and obtained the bride's trunk, which the proprietor at first refused to

give up. Schafer says he has \$1,000 in the bank and will live with his bride in Springfield, Mass.

GRANDFATHER'S TEETH.

Henry Simmons, of 51 Carmine street, wears a set of false teeth which his grandfather wore for thirty years before him. He is naturally proud of them. The other night they did not sit easy, and he did not sleep peacefully. The next morning he felt queer pains in his stomach and head, and these were aggravated when he discovered that he had lost his family inheritance.

"I've swallowed grandfather's teeth," he cried and he ran as fast as he could to St. Vincent's Hospital. The doctor procured grappling irons and other instru-



The Doctor's tough job.

ments, and was about to make search for the molars, when Mr. Simmons cried out again. This time he exclaimed:

"Why, here they are, in my vest pocket."

And so they were. Then the old gentleman trotted home again, relieved of all anxiety.

KRAFT'S CRAFTY CUSTOMER.

A tall, respectable-looking young man walked into Ferdinand Kraft's jewelry store, at 427 Grand street, recently, and asked to see some nice wedding-rings. Mr. Kraft brought out his very best. The customer rummaged among them, slipped two on his finger and said they were real pretty. The jeweler looked at the finger professionally, and just then his customer dashed into his face a handful of Lundy Foot snuff. He then picked up the tray of rings and started for the door.

Mr. Kraft, whose eyes had escaped the snuff, rushed forward and kicked an appliance, he had prepared for such occasions, which fastened the door. The customer then started with the tray for the rear of the shop. Kraft and he had a tussle in which the honors fell to Kraft, who finally handed the young man over to Detective McCauley, who happened to be passing. He said he was James Smith, a waiter, and an Englishman. On the sidewalk he jerked away from the detective, ran down the street, and would perhaps have escaped had he not slipped on a bit of ice.

While the detective was busy with the clerk in the Tombs Court, Smith, who had been placed among a lot of tramps and other prisoners, put on his large ulster, and, going toward Gatekeeper Walsh, stood silently a moment, hat in hand.

"Where're ye goin'?" Walsh asked.

"Out," Smith replied. "I'm complainin' 'gainst that cock-eyed young fellow you see over there."

Smith put out his hand to pull open the gate. Walsh asked Policeman Sinclair to find out if Smith was really a complainant. He was jammed back among the other prisoners in short order.

"I beg your pardon, your Honor," Smith said to Jus-



Up to snuff.

tice Duffy. "It was right for me to pull the wool over the bobby's eyes if I could. I'm in a tight hole, and any way I can get out is fair enough. I took the rings and threw snuff in the jeweler's eyes. I haven't done anything lately, and am a little short coming on toward the holidays."

Smith was held for robbery and assault.

BARTERING THEIR WIVES.

A case of wife-selling has been unearthed in Peekskill. On Water street, not a stone's throw from the depot, stands a boarding-house. The proprietress was once Mrs. Thomas Robinson, but one day Joel Thompson became infatuated with her, and her husband not having any further use for her sold her to Thompson for three bushels of wheat. For a number of years Thompson and the woman lived together as man and wife, but on account of his dissolute habits, she left him, and to support herself opened the boarding-house. After his purchased wife left him Thompson became a strong advocate of temperance, while she became a prominent Salvationist.

Among the prominent boarders at this boarding-house is a character known as "Gip" Williams. He had a wife to whom Frank Nalor took a fancy, and after a little coaxing he succeeded in purchasing her from Williams for a half dollar. For a number of years they lived together in the village and finally left for Putnam county. After the sale of his wife Williams lived with a Mrs. Connors as his wife. He stole her clothing and sold it for money to buy liquor. She was found nude by Officers Curry and Wyatt the next morning in the third story of an unoccupied house, where she and Williams slept the night before. She was sent to prison for four months for vagrancy.

A few years ago Joe Keatch was an inmate of the county poorhouse, and while there received a pension for \$700. He purchased Mrs. Fuller for \$5 from her husband, James. After he had spent all his money his woman disappeared and has not since been seen. Two days after Fuller sold his wife to Keatch he seemed to regret it and wanted to buy her back. He offered \$3, all the money he had, but Keatch would not sell her for less than \$10, and as Fuller was unable to raise this amount he had to let Keatch retain his purchase. Several other cases of the same nature are reported in the village.

PADDY RYAN.

[With Portrait.]

Paddy Ryan, of whom we present an excellent portrait in this week's POLICE GAZETTE, was born in the town of Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, March 15, 1853. He is one-half inch more than a six-footer, without shoes, and ordinarily his weight is 221 pounds. From his childhood he has been a great admirer of athletic sports and proved to be very clever with his mawleys. He displayed great agility as a wrestler and at the age of nineteen was able to handle any of his comrades in a rough-and-tumble scrap. At the time Matt Grace, the wrestler, of this city, wrestled John McMahon, of Rutland, Vt., for the championship, at Troy, Ryan had a dispute with Johnny Murphy, a tall, athletic boxer of New York, who challenged him to fight. Ryan at once agreed to meet Murphy in a room and engaged a carriage to take them to the place selected for the battle. Murphy, however, refused to meet the Trojan and the battle ended in smoke. After this display of pluck Ryan gained quite a name in Troy and sporting men in that city looked upon him as the coming champion. In the meantime Ryan engaged in several rough-and-tumble fights and proved he possessed all the abilities necessary to make a successful pugilist. In the early part of April, 1878, Johnny Dwyer and Joe Goss were fulfilling an engagement at Harry Martin's Grand Central theatre, Troy, and while they were there Ryan and his friends indulged in considerable fight talk. On Jan. 10, 1878, Ryan and Dwyer happened to meet in a saloon where each gave expression to his feelings and the upshot of it was that Ryan's backer put up \$50 against a like amount in support of a bet that Dwyer wouldn't make a match for \$1,000 a side, to fight in Canada within fifty miles of Buffalo. The principals and their backers met at the appointed time and before separating a match for \$2,000 and the championship, to be decided between July 15 and 25, 1878, was ratified. On June 22, Ryan, accompanied by his trainers, Joe Goss and Jim Turner, came down from his training quarters at Sandlake, N. Y., the two former having been engaged to spar at an entertainment, got up in Brooklyn by Kenny, the bill-poster. The attendance at the affair, which took place at Prospect Park Fair Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., that afternoon, was light, and as the promoter wouldn't live up to his agreement as regards remuneration for services, Paddy and Joe declined to appear. That evening, while on their way to and within a short distance of the ferry to New York, the trio were assaulted by eight or nine persons, Ryan being knocked down, stabbed on the left side near the kidneys and kicked in the face, cutting his lip and knocking out two sound front teeth. His companions were but slightly hurt. Ryan was conveyed to the house of Charles Johnston, in Fulton street, Brooklyn, then Dwyer's principal backer, where his wounds were dressed, the stab being found to be of little consequence, although narrowly escaping a vital part. Next day Ryan left for Troy, not wishing to be detained as a witness against the half-dozen whites and negroes who were arrested for the assault, some of whom were tried, convicted and imprisoned for the offense. Shortly after this affair Jimmy Elliott challenged Johnny Dwyer to fight for the championship and \$1,000 a side. These noted pugilists arranged a match and Ryan decided to challenge the winner. Elliott and Dwyer fought at Long Point, Canada, on May 9, 1879. It was, without exception, the briefest and most terrific encounter that ever took place in the ring. In 12 minutes and 40 seconds twelve rounds were fought, Dwyer winning the battle.

Ryan then challenged the victor to fight for the title, but the latter declared that he had retired. Ryan was bound to be champion and offered to fight any man in the world for \$1,000 and the title. Joe Goss, the ex-champion pugilist of England, and Jimmy Elliott both accepted Ryan's def. Ryan gave Goss a challenge the preference and they met and signed articles to fight for \$2,000 and the championship of America. After all the stakes were posted great interest was manifested in the match, and nearly all the old ring men and the knowing ones were confident Goss would win. It was agreed that the battle should be fought at Long Point, Canada, and the pugilists and a number of sporting men journeyed to Erie, Pa., which was to be the starting-place. On the morning of the fight a hitch occurred and Goss and his backers refused to go to the battle-grounds and the proposed fight for the time being ended in a fizzle. Charles Johnston, of Brooklyn, a noted sporting man, was the stakeholder, and to please the sporting public he decided to make the pugilists fight. He named June 1, 1880, for the day, and the spot selected was near Collier's Station, in West Virginia, and in the same place where Ned O'Baldwin and Jem Mace met but did not fight, and where the battle between James Campbell and Harry Hicken was interrupted by a riot.

Ryan proved he was a clever wrestler and an expert boxer. Goss made a game and up-hill battle, but in the eighty-sixth round, Ryan, by a severe cross right-hand counter blow, instantly knocked him down, Goss falling on his knees. Arthur Chambers and Billy Crowley claimed foul, amid great excitement, but it was not allowed. Referee Fairchild called time, but Goss, by the advice of his friends, failed to respond, and the referee declared Ryan the winner amid tremendous excitement. The time of the battle was 1 hour 27 minutes.

His latest great fight was with John L. Sullivan at Bay St. Louis, in which he was defeated, and Sullivan was declared champion of America.

BROOKLYN'S HORROR.

A Terrible Fire at St. John's Home which Caused Twenty-Five Deaths.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Fire, panic and death occurred at the Brooklyn Male Orphan Asylum on the afternoon of the 18th inst. The institution was sometimes known as St. John's Home. It occupied the block bounded by Troy and Albany avenues, St. Mark's avenue and Prospect place. It was entirely destroyed. There were at the time that the flames broke out 735 boys in the main building and 63 in the extension in the rear of the Home proper. One of the Sisters lost her life, owing to her anxiety to save her little charges, a woman who was visiting at the institution was burned to death, and several serious casualties occurred. The wildest excitement prevailed in and around the asylum while the children were being rescued.

"There are sixty-six children on the top floor of that building," some one yelled, "and they are all sick."

Dorsey, Freel and Matfield had in the meantime found a ladder, and raising it to the third story window they began, with the assistance of Sister Josephine, to lift the imprisoned little ones out of their perilous position. Quickly they were passed down the ladder, and on reaching the ground were conveyed by willing hands to neighboring houses.

Before the volunteer rescuers had finished their heroic work the Fire Department had arrived, but though the engines were on the ground, no hook-and-ladder truck had appeared.

"There are a woman and a boy on the roof!" cried some one, in tones of terror.

Upon one of the cornices were perched a mother and her child, mute with fear. The angry flames were dancing around them as if in glee at the immediate prospect of claiming human victims. Spectators shuddered as they saw the perilous position of the dazed clingers to the roof.

Brave Charles J. Wadsworth, a conductor on the South Brooklyn & Central Railroad Company, with a ladder on his back, pushed his way through the gaping and terrorized crowd.

"Bear a hand!" he commanded, as he tried to run up the ladder.

Volunteers gave the needed aid, but when the ladder was placed in position it was found to be five or six feet too short to reach the rescuing point.

"Follow me," Wadsworth shouted, and two stalwart men leaped upon the ladder.

When he reached its top the heroic conductor steadied himself against the heated wall with both hands, and, throwing out his hand, prepared to catch the boy.

"Jump for my shoulders, sonny," he cried, reassuringly, and the little fellow, about fourteen years of age, flung himself from the roof.

He landed on Wadsworth's burly shoulders, and was handed down to the ground by the men behind him.

"Now, for the woman," said Wadsworth to his companions, again placing his blistered hands upon the steaming wall.

Just as all was ready for the rescue the mother was heard to give a shriek, her arms were thrown wildly up above her head and she fell backward into the raging sea of flames.

Sister Mary Josephine, who had charge of the inmates in the infirmary when the fire broke out, remained in the building until she had assured herself, as she supposed, that the last of her little charges had been removed to a place of safety.

In her devotion to her duty she had not given herself time to consider the peril in which she was placing herself. Unobserved by her the furious flames had been going steadily up to the dormitory, but not until she found that she was becoming suffocated with the smoke and that the fiery tongues had surrounded her and hemmed her in did she think of her own safety.

When her danger became manifest to her she swung herself out of one of the windows, and catching hold of the cornice of the roof hung between heaven and earth by her hands, with a background of fire making her form very distinct in the twilight and with a frame-work of leaping tongues around her.

Foreman McGroarty, of Engine Company No. 14, who was on the roof of the main building, separated from the smaller structure only by a narrow alley, seeing that the deserted Sister must either fall and sustain fatal injuries or else her clothes must catch fire, shouted and secured her attention. Then he took his coat from his shoulders and swung it across the passage.

"Catch hold of that," he cried, "and hold tight."

The Sister was seen to grasp the garment first with one hand and then with the other. As she fell clear of the roof a shout of encouragement went up. The cheer was hushed in an instant. The heroic woman's grip on the coat relaxed, she lost her hold upon it and fell headlong to the earth. She struck upon her head and shoulder, and amid expressions of sympathy was lifted up, bruised, bleeding and unconscious, and taken to St. Mark's Hospital, where she died soon after admission.

After the flames had been extinguished, it was believed that the loss of life had been comparatively slight, but there was a fearful revelation in store on the morrow. Men were set at work digging away the ruins, and one by one the charred and blackened remains of twenty-three little ones and those of an adult were brought to the surface, making, with Sister Josephine, twenty-five deaths in all. The affair has caused intense excitement in Brooklyn, and is being investigated by a coroner's jury.

A PLUMBER ON HIS MUSCLE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Thomas Maguire, a compactly-built young plumber, went into the saloon on the southeast corner of Sixth avenue and Ninth street, one afternoon last week, and called for a drink. Then he began a conversation with three negroes, which became so boisterous that the proprietor put all hands out.

When the party reached the street Maguire struck out right and left and felled his three companions before they knew where they were. They came to the street smiling when the second round began. All the while they ever possessed, however, was sent blocks away before they had time to take it in. Maguire had

closed the eyes of two of them, and was at work on the eyes of the third when Policemen Grey and Gilling put in an appearance.

The negroes had no longer any particular interest for Maguire, who joyfully received the policemen. He caught Grey on the jaw with an upper-cut and sent Gilling sprawling into the gutter. Several benevolent persons attempted to interfere, but quickly changed their minds and got out of the way. Reinforcements were sent for and finally, by the united efforts of six policemen, two firemen and eleven citizens, the energetic young man was stretched on his back and pinioned with ropes and shackles.

In this condition he was taken to the Jefferson Market Police Court. His shirt was torn from his body, exposing a chest and biceps that rivaled Sullivan's. Although small in stature, he probably weighed about 160 pounds, and he appeared to be trained down from either work or exercise to hard flesh and muscles. When he reached the prison it was found impossible to take the handcuffs off on account of his swollen wrists. Later in the evening the shackles had to be filed off.

A FIREMAN'S LUCK.

Engineer Crockett Draws \$15,000 in the Louisiana Lottery.

"I don't believe it," was the reply of Engineer Frank Crockett, of steamer 12 of the Fire Department of this city, when he was aroused from his sleep the other night by a brother fireman who breathlessly informed him that he had won \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, in the drawing of the 11th inst.; "what's more, I won't believe it until I have had positive proof."

"Supposing I should advance you \$100 on the strength of your chances. Would you believe it then?" asked his comrade.

"Yes, I might." The fireman went out and procured the \$100 and handed it to Crockett, who for the first time began to realize his great good luck. Then, in the language of a friend, he got up, dressed himself, and tried to stand on his head in the corner.

"Crockett never had \$300 at one time before this lucky strike," said another fireman to the reporter. "To be sure he gets \$140 a month as engineer, but he isn't much of a hand at saving. The ticket that won the money was No. 68,989, and it captured one-fifth of the first capital prize of \$75,000."

"Has Crockett received his money yet?"

"Yes; but, strange to say, he still sticks to his job. We all thought it would paralyze him when he heard the news, but it didn't. He isn't a man who drinks or gambles to any great extent. He is about thirty-five years of age and married. I heard that he intends to go back to New Jersey, where he came from, and buy a farm and settle down."

Crockett was interviewed, but no amount of questioning could make him say anything further than that he "didn't care for notoriety," and that he "didn't want anything published about the matter."

No. 68,989 was the first ticket Crockett ever bought in any lottery, and his fortunate experience adds another scrap to the history of lucky lottery-players in this city.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle*, Nov. 28.

RAIDING THE JOINTS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Superintendent Walling has made up his mind to rid the city of opium joints, and last Saturday made a successful raid upon one of the dens on Sixth avenue.

Seven women and twenty-four men were marched to the police station. Monday morning they were arraigned at Jefferson Market. They were all young and well dressed. The men looked like well-to-do clerks. Superintendent Walling told Justice O'Reilly that he would like to have examples made of the prisoners, as the smoking of opium was an evil that should be stopped. The Justice thought as too, and had separate complaints drawn against each prisoner. It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon before all the complaints were made out, and the young man in the plaid suit was called to the bar. He said his name was Joseph Burnett, and he was charged with a misdemeanor in keeping and maintaining an opium joint. He said he was not guilty, and that he knew nothing of the business that was carried on in the rear of his restaurant. He was held in \$1,000 bail.

THE WORLD OF SPORT AND PASTIME.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our sporting combination page this week presents the most important events of the week. One of the most noteworthy was the billiard contest between W. H. Catton, of St. Louis, and Edward McLaughlin, a full account of which will be found in the sporting column. The football match between the Bay State and Salem teams excited much interest in Massachusetts and resulted in a victory for the latter.

There were jolly times in the Coleman House after the discharge of Sullivan, and our artist shows the champion receiving the congratulations of his friends. Hattie Wilson, one of Harry Hill's boxers, was assaulted on the Bowery one night last week by Mollie Gaspar and Joe Byrnes, the former knocking her out pretty badly. A rattling cocking main between birds owned by Long Island and Newark, N. J., took place at Long Island City on the evening of the 17th. Nine battles were fought, Long Island winning six and Newark three.

THE RESULT OF THE TRIAL.

The acquittal of Messrs. Sullivan and Greenfield of the charge of prize-fighting leaves it to be assumed that the lawful measure of the hard hitting at a pugilistic exhibition has been decided by the verdict of a competent jury. It is just as well, even from the point of view of morality, to let the professional boxers have their privilege of earning money and entertaining the public by the display of their skill, strength and endurance, under reasonable restrictions. If they are not permitted to contend for gladiatorial supremacy under the sanction of the law, they are likely to find arenas where the law cannot reach them. The preservation of order and the avoidance of brutality are, of course, essential to the toleration of such exhibitions.—*New York Daily News*, Dec. 18.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN NERVOUS DISEASES.

Dr. HENRY NEW YORK, says: "In nervous diseases, I know of no preparation to equal it."

LAID IN ASHES.

Harrigan & Hart's Popular Theatre Comique Falls a Victim to the Flames.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Harrigan & Hart's Theatre Comique, Nos. 728 and 730 Broadway, was burned early on the morning of the 23d inst., with all its contents, involving a loss of \$125,000 to the two lessees and from \$50,000 to \$75,000 to the Stewart estate, to which the grounds and the theatre building belongs.

The fire was first discovered by a citizen who was passing in front of the theatre about fifteen minutes past seven o'clock. Smoke was then issuing in thin, filmy streams through the fanlights over the main entrance. The citizen ran past the New York Hotel, which is immediately opposite the theatre, and at the upper corner met Policeman Cleven, of the Fifteenth precinct, who rang the fire alarm. Several minutes later Engines Nos. 33, 23 and 20, and hook and ladder companies Nos. 3 and 9 responded, and were almost as quickly followed by a detachment of police. When the first stream of water was brought to bear upon the burning structure flames were leaping from the front windows, and a great pillar of inky black smoke ascended heavenward from the roof.

It was at once apparent to the chief of the fire battalion that the building was doomed, and that the entire block would be swept away unless prompt action was taken. Omitting the second call, which would add but three more steamers, he ordered a third alarm, which brought Engine Companies Nos. 13, 18, 5, 14, 24, 23, 30 and 17, Trucks Nos. 2, 5 and 11, and the water tower. Chief Shay upon reaching the scene assumed command. Between fifteen and eighteen streams of water were speedily pouring upon the flames from the front and rear, and the roofs of the buildings on either side were deluged with water, while firemen stood by in readiness to dispute the further spread of the conflagration. Shortly before 8 o'clock there was a terrific explosion in the theatre, which was followed by the roof falling in with a great crash, sending up a shower of sparks and cinders, presenting a magnificent spectacle. This gave the firemen a better opportunity to get in effective work, and by half past nine o'clock, although the theatre building was completely gutted, the business houses above and below on the block were saved from destruction.

Both Harrigan and Hart witnessed the burning of their theatre, and with it the accumulation of years of toil, from the windows of the cafe of the New York Hotel. Harrigan, who had been up until 3 o'clock in the morning with his company rehearsing "McAllister's Legacy," which was to have been put on the boards of the Comique the first week in January, was sleeping soundly at his residence a few blocks away, and was aroused by a postman, who told him of the fire. He jumped into his clothes and ran to the scene of the conflagration.

To a POLICE GAZETTE reporter Mr. Harrigan said: "All our theatrical scenery and other valuable property, the accumulation of years, has gone up in smoke, and our loss cannot be far from \$125,000, if it does not exceed that sum."

"Are you insured?"

"No," said the comedian, with a far-off look, "we are not insured."

"I can't account for the fire—so strange and so sudden. I was rehearsing with my company our new play, 'McAllister's Legacy,' which we were going to produce on New Year's, until 3 o'clock this morning and went home tired, leaving our trusty watchman, Hoffman, in charge. Some seem to think the fire started in the rear, but I don't believe it. I think it originated in the front part. Whether it was caused by a gas explosion it is impossible to say. We had taken every precaution to guard against fire, and I regarded the Comique as one of the safest in that respect in the country. We lose the new scenery for our new play, all belonging to our other plays, wardrobes, instruments and other things besides our interest in the building itself, which makes our loss exceptionally large. All told 101 persons will be thrown out of employment by the fire. Our lease was for seven years at a rental of \$16,000 per annum. The Comique was opened by us Aug. 21, 1881, when we presented 'The Major.' Since that date we have had one long procession of successes. I am mighty sorry for the boys who are now thrown out of work."

All who know Ed. Harrigan know that he meant exactly what he said, for a more generous man does not live than he.

When asked what he proposed to do, Harrigan scratched his head and replied, with a laugh: "There you have me."

The Theatre Comique was a three-story structure, with a unique and handsome front on Broadway. It occupies the site of Rev. Dr. Osgood's Universalist Church. On or about 1837 the old church was leased by the Worrell sisters, who played two unsuccessful seasons, and were followed by Lucy Rushton, John Stetson, Augustin C. Daly, Robert Heller and several others, all of whom lost money by their ventures. Then Harrigan & Hart took it in hand and built the new structure.

HON. PETER MITCHELL.

[With Portrait.]

Peter Mitchell was born in Scotland, Dec. 22, 1839, was educated in the common schools at Berwick, Me., and Salmon Falls, N. H., admitted to practice in the State Courts Dec. 29, 1869, and in the Circuit Courts of the United States Dec. 4, 1874, was a member of the law firm of Stuart, Allen & Mitchell in 1871-72, and now practices his profession at No. 230 Broadway (Stewart Building), in this city.

Mr. Mitchell was a Member of Assembly in 1869-70, serving the former year as Chairman of the Special Committee to Investigate the Gas Companies in the State and Member of Grievances, and the latter year as Member of Railroads, Cities and Federal Relations. He was elected to the Legislature of 1877 by a majority of 1,656 over George W. Betts (Rep.), who was elected to the previous Assembly by a plurality of 92. Mr. Mitchell received the largest majority ever given to a Member in the District. He served that year as a Member on the Affairs of Cities.

He was the associate of Hon. William A. Beach in the celebrated trials of John Scannell, for killing Tom Donohue, and William J. Sharkey, for killing Robert Dunn. Scannell was acquitted after two trials, and Sharkey escaped from the Tombs during the pendency of an appeal from his conviction. He was also associated with Hon. Algernon S. Sullivan in the extradition proceedings against "Red" Leary for the North-

ampton Bank robbery; and in November, 1882, he defended young Carlo Soteldo for the alleged murder of his brother, arising out of the Barton-Soteldo newspaper controversy in Washington. After a trial lasting several days, during which popular feeling ran high, the accused was acquitted; and the verdict of the jury was received with such demonstrations of applause that the arrest of some of the audience was rendered necessary to quiet the assemblage. Later Mr. Mitchell was employed as counsel for John L. Sullivan, in the case growing out of the Madison Square Garden boxing match, and his speech on that occasion was remarkable, for its brilliant eloquence and legal acumen.

MORE FATAL THAN PISTOLS.

A fatal duel was fought between two young men in Morning Star township, N. C., in which the weapons used were on the one side a whisky-bottle and on the other side a club. John Dulin and Rufus Mullis were intimate friends. Dulin had a large bottle of whisky, and they sat down in the woods and became merry over its contents. After the bottle was emptied they had a dispute as to their respective abilities as men, and finally undertook to settle the question then and there by a combat. Dulin took the whisky-bottle by the neck and used it as a club, while Mullis selected a piece of oak plank about the length and width of the bottle. Dulin gave the first blow with the bottle, striking his antagonist full on the head and felling him to the ground. Mullis staggered up and managed to give Dulin a blow on the head. He fell as though he had been shot, the edge of the plank having cut through his skull. He died soon afterward. Mullis fled and has not been apprehended.

A. H. HUMMEL.

[With Portrait.]

To live in New York city and not know A. H. Hummel, or, as he is better known, "Abe Hummel," is to confess one's self ignorant indeed. The younger member of the firm of Howe & Hummel is a genuine American to the manner born, and is deservedly popular with the legal, theatrical and sporting fraternity. His specialty is the practice of theatrical law, and as Howe & Hummel have the monopoly of the theatrical business Mr. Hummel is constantly before the courts, where the novel legal questions raised by him have made his name potential. As counsel for Mary Anderson, Minnie Palmer, P. T. Barnum, Lester Wallack, Harry Pettit, the English author, D. O'Leary, Carter, Lawrence Barrett, Bartley Campbell, Tilly Pastor, Harrigan & Hart, Augustin Daly and other theatrical celebrities Mr. Hummel has won the well-merited reputation which success invariably brings. He is a young man on the shady side of forty, and is as witty among his circle of friends as he is brilliant in the legal arena.

THE MODERN PEEPING TOM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was quite a flutter in a well-known up-town amateur association a short time since. The association had selected the comedy of "The School for Scandal," for representation, and a popular society gentleman had been selected for the character of Sir Peter Teazle. On the night of the performance he was missed from the gentleman's dressing-room shortly before the rise of the curtain. Two young ladies of the cast, on going to the ladies' private apartment, were shocked and indignant to discover the doughty Sir Peter, in full costume, peeping through the keyhole. He made a hasty exit, but he and the two young ladies no longer speak as they pass by.

AT THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. J. M. Ramsey and daughter, of Billings, Mont., were out driving the other afternoon in a double-seated phaeton. While nearing the bluffs overlooking the Yellowstone river, the horses took fright at an old buffalo skeleton lying on the prairie and dashed madly in the direction of the river. The ladies endeavored to check the frightened animals, but were unable to do so. When within a few yards of the precipice the two ladies managed to leap from the vehicle and fortunately escaped with a few bruises. A few seconds later the horses and phaeton went over the bluff, the former being horribly mangled and the latter smashed to atoms on the rocks below.

THE PRIMA-DONNA AND THE JURY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

When Henry E. Abbey managed the Metropolitan Opera House last season, Mme. Seachal was one of his leading singers. One day she refused to sing at a matinee because the notice given her was too short and she had eaten a heavy breakfast which prevented her from singing. Abbey refused to pay her the balance of salary due, and last week she began suit in the Supreme Court this city. The case was hotly contested, but Mme. Seachal's winning smile evidently produced an effect upon the jury, for they returned a verdict of \$1,411 in her behalf.

THRASHING A DUDE.

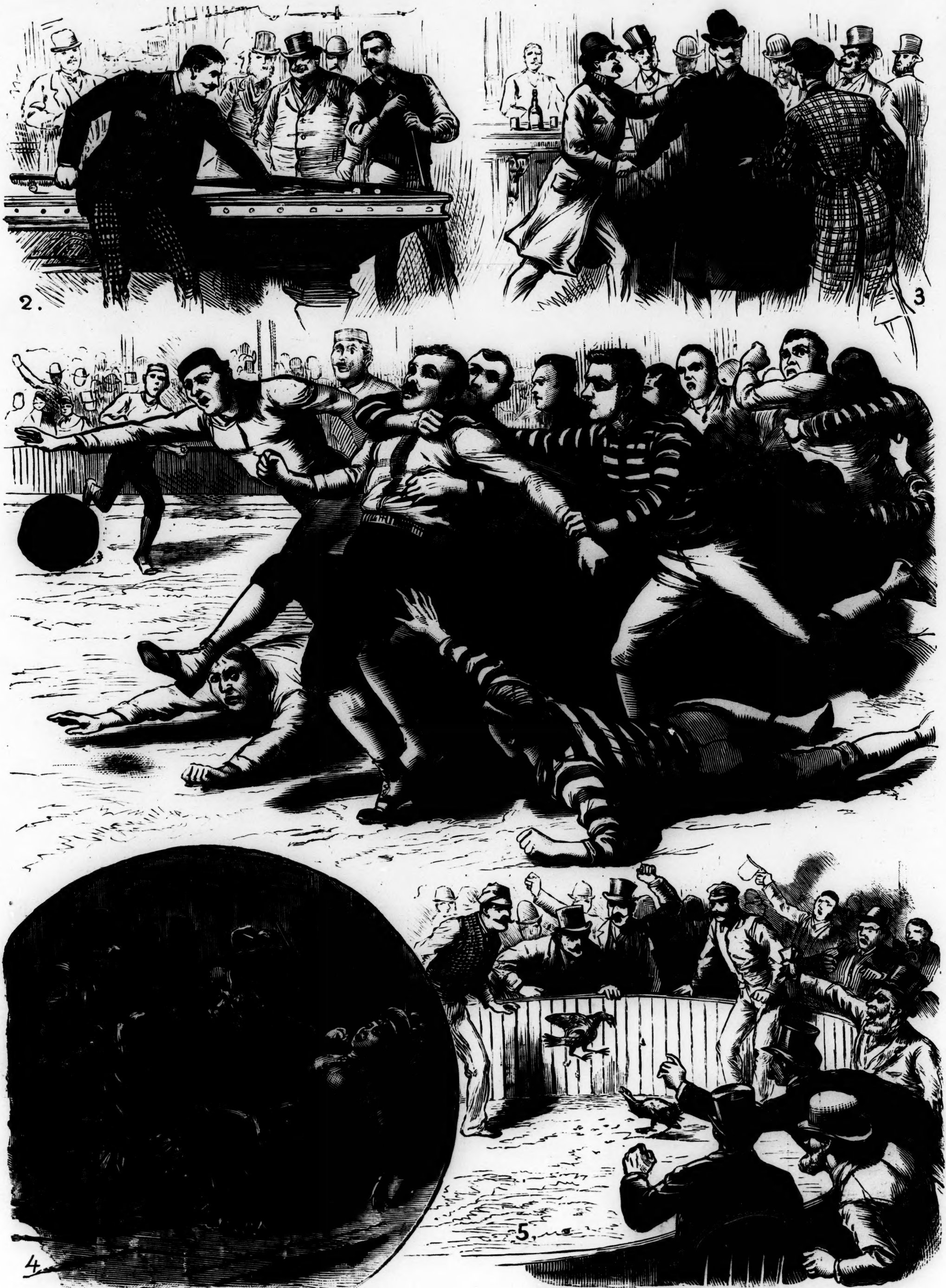
[Subject of Illustration.]

Almost nightly a party of young "dudes from Philadelphia visit Burlington, N. J., and inhabit the streets. Two young girls who had been approached by two of the dudes one evening recently appealed to Mr. Peter Mooney, who took hold of one of the visitors and gave him a sound thrashing. His companion ran away. A delegation of young ladies later in the evening waited upon Mr. Mooney and thanked him for what he had done.

SEEING IN THE NEW YEAR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Seeing the New Year in," is a time-honored custom and is invested with many pleasant ceremonies. Our artist has depicted the sailors telling yarns and drinking grog in the forecastle, and the emigrant on the plains wishing that he was home again by a warm fireside. But the giddy Vassar girls are having the best time of all. A genuine jollification is in progress and as the hands of the clock are on the point of midnight glasses are raised in air and the girls drink success to the New Year and wish a husband apiece to each other.



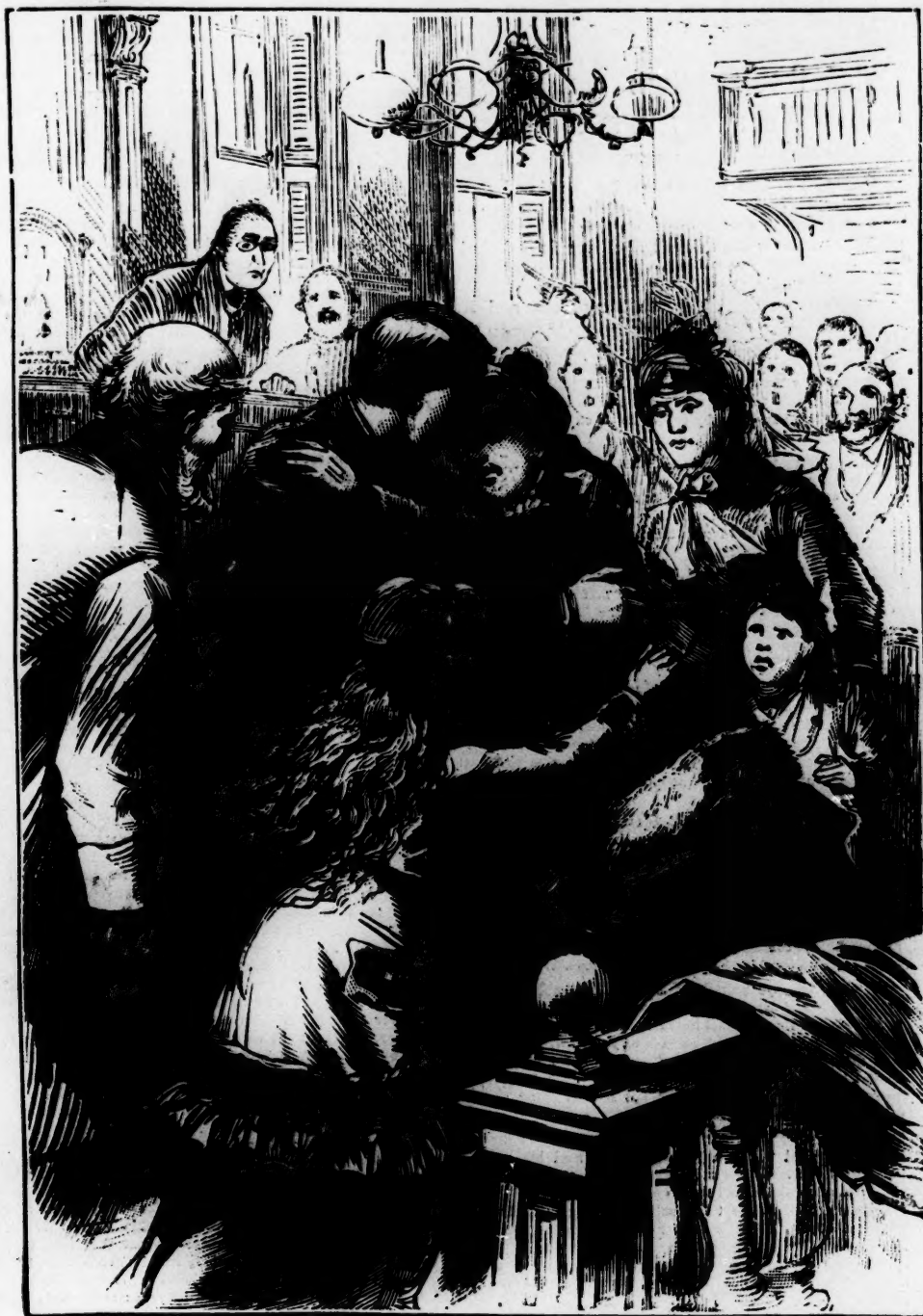
THE WORLD OF SPORT AND PASTIME.

I.—The Bay States Beaten by the Salems at Football. II.—Great Billiard Match at Chicago Between W. H. Catton and Edward M. Laughlin. III.—J. L. Sullivan at the Coleman House, Being Congratulated by His Friends on His Discharge. IV.—Pummeling a Female Boxer. V.—Rattling Cocking Main at Long Island City, L. I.



ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.

TWO YOUNG LADIES OF BILLINGS, M. T., NARROWLY ESCAPE A TERRIBLE DEATH ON THE BANKS OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER.



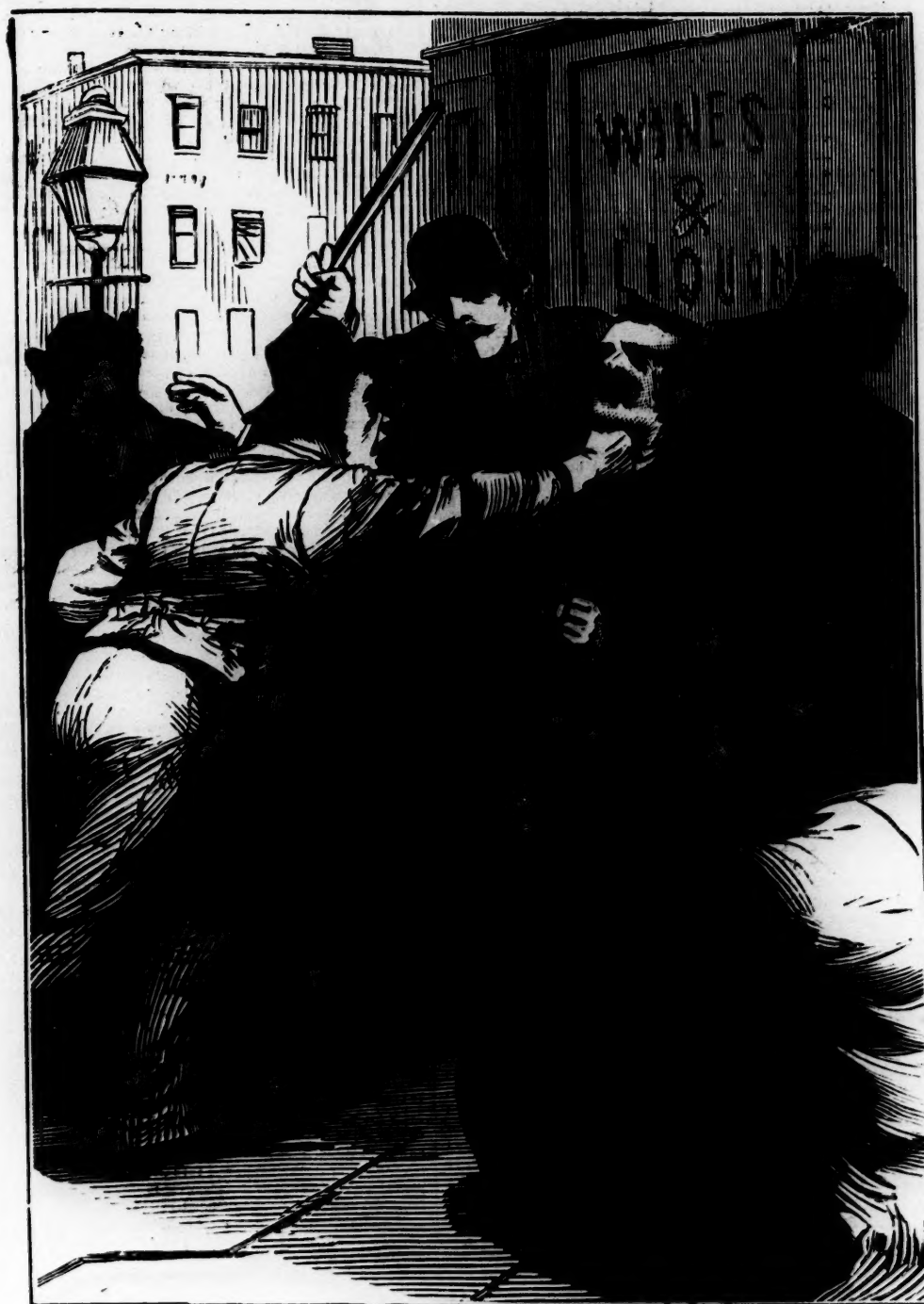
KISSES IN THE COURT-ROOM.

THE AFFECTING SCENE THAT OCCURRED IN THE SYRACUSE COURT-ROOM ON THE DISCHARGE OF MRS. RANSIER, WHO SHOT SUTTER.



THE PRIMA-DONNA AND THE JURY.

MME. SCALCHI SUES MANAGER ABBEY FOR UNPAID SALARY AND HER SMILES CAPTIVATE THE JURY.



A PLUMBER ON HIS MUSCLE.

MR. M'GUIRE PAINTS THE TOWN RED, KNOCKS OUT A HOST OF POLICEMEN AND HAS A GOOD TIME GENERALLY.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

What the Big Guns are Doing and What They Have to Say.

George Fulljames has opened a sporting house and large hall in Toronto, and is doing a splendid business. Every Saturday he has a series of boxing matches.

While in New York John L. Sullivan denied that two men had attempted to kill him, and that he had been drinking. He said these reports were circulated to injure him.

The glove contest between Tony Moser and Henry Carroll, at Clark's Club theatre, Philadelphia, on Dec. 17, was won by Moser.

Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy, the champion boxers of New York, made a grand hit at New Orleans. Every night the Park theatre was packed and the pugilists loudly cheered. Kelly and Murphy expect to go on to San Francisco to fill an engagement.

Harry Maynard proposes to make another offer which will bring out some of the pugilists of San Francisco. He will offer a purse of \$300 and a gold medal for three boxing matches for middle weights. For the first match he will give \$150 to the winner; for the second \$200, and for the third \$250. The offer is open to all middle weights on the coast.

Jim McDevitt, the well-known pugilist of Bridesburg, Pa., denies that Dennis Butler knocked him out at John Clark's Club theatre. He says Butler committed a foul, and when the referee would not allow the claim he stopped and would not box any longer. He says he is ready to meet Butler at any time; that the latter recently agreed to meet him, but failed to do so.

John L. Sullivan seems to have made all the money that is to be had in the exhibition sparring business. The Mitchell-Madden troupe is losing money, and the McCaffrey combination company has "busted" for lack of patronage. The collapse took place in Chicago. Jones and Faulkner, wrestlers and Kelly, sparrer, all well known in Philadelphia, were with the company.

Lord Waverley, at Dublin, Ireland, recently made a great return in presenting a trophy to a successful athlete. He said boxing was a science that every one should learn, that pugilism was also a pastime that had many admirers, and in many instances it was a necessary institution, for it done away with the knife and pistol, and taught its exponents how to endure punishment and endurance and was necessary, for prize ring encounters and all athletic contests inured young men to hardship, and they found there was nothing better physically than athletics.

On Dec. 19, the benefit of Steve O'Donnell, champion athlete, at Harry Hill's theatre, was a success. John McMahon and Paddy Crowley wrestled in the collar-and-elbow style. Steve Taylor and Johnny Saunders made a very scientific set-to. Jack Keenan and Fiddler Neary, Martin Dempsey and Dan Custer had a wrestling bout in the square hold style. Jack Dempsey and Tommy Ferguson contested in three hot rounds. Ring and Cook had a wrestling match. The wind-up was a match at wrestling between Quinn and Flynn, in which the honors were declared easy.

If a pugilist visits a strange city, and by constant imbibing with friends becomes intoxicated, he is made a mark for the scribes to ridicule and write up, while other persons of more fame do exactly the same thing, and yet nothing is said about it. Why is this? Are pugilists to be made scapegoats? On Dec. 17, Peter McCoy, John L. Sullivan's pugilistic pet, who now keeps the sporting drum at Bridgeport, came to New York to attend the Sullivan and Greenfield trial. He met friends, drank too much, was arrested, discharged, and nearly all the papers gave McCoy a good talking. What for? Because he drank more champagne than his head could stand and paid for it.

The following explains itself:

WHAT CHIEF, IA., Dec. 9, 1884.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
Sir—I will match Harry Martin, of this place, to spar any man in the State of Iowa, four or six rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$100 a side, neither man to exceed 120 pounds weight. To show I mean it, I enclose check for \$25 as forfeit. The match to take place three weeks after signing articles, the winner to take sixty and the loser forty per cent. of the gate receipts. The match to take place in What Cheer. Hoping this will meet with a response from some one of the many sporting men of this State, I remain yours truly,
WM. SOUTHERN.

Alf. Greenfield, the champion pugilist of England, is still stopping at Flushing. He says he is ready to box all comers, but desires to meet Sullivan before he meets Mitchell, Burke, etc. In an interview he says:

"I intend to stay in this country four months. Before I left England I believed, and so did my friends, that I was capable of defeating Sullivan. I am not satisfied now that I cannot do so, but I must acknowledge he's the greatest fighter I know of. After the settlement of the New York affair I will be ready for Burke."

"And you can say that Nobby Clark will bet a thousand Greenfield can get away with him," broke in the nobby gentleman himself, who accompanied Greenfield.

"I want to meet every one of them that makes pretensions to first-class fame," said Greenfield; "but I will give Burke the first chance. Next I'll be ready for Kilrain and Mitchell. In fact, I'll give them all a chance before I go back home, and I'll give them any sort of a match they please."

"Have I changed my opinion of Mitchell since I first fought him?" said Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, to a friend, recently. "Yes, considerably. He was always a greatly overrated man. I fought him 1 hour and 40 minutes with the bare knuckles in the old country. Then I bested him a short time ago. He has deteriorated as a fighter since then. He has been petted too much, and hasn't taken care of himself. What little I sparred with him showed me that he has fallen off. He is growing worse every day. He has lost his agility entirely. When I boxed with him at Madison Square Garden I walked straight up to him with a stiff arm and placed my glove right square on his nose, the same as exhibition sparrers do, and he couldn't get away from it. It was the only laughable thing in the whole fight. Then, when he makes a rush it is an easy matter to stop him."

The "Daily News," New York, Dec. 18, thus describes the Sullivan and Greenfield trial before Judge Barrett: "The last great boxing match was decided yesterday in Oyer and Temmer. The principals were John L. Sullivan and Alfred Greenfield. Peter Mitchell seconded Sullivan and William F. Howe attended on Greenfield. Assistant District Attorney Gove and Judge Barrett were the umpires, and there were twelve referees in the jury box. The referees decided Sullivan and Greenfield the winners. At the time the News went to press yesterday it was supposed that the trial would not be completed. Greenfield and Sullivan, however, went on the stand, and then the case was closed. The jury were out only eight minutes, and brought in a verdict of 'not guilty.' Of course the cases of Richard K. Fox, Patrick Sheedy and others, charged with 'aiding and abetting' a boxing match, will not now be brought to trial."

The Excelsior Boat Club gave a boxing and athletic exhibition at Clarcondon Hall, New York, on Dec. 19. The principal event was a glove contest between Edward Moran and Pat Silgo, both members of the Excelsior Club. These men had agreed to contest four 3-minute rounds, and they made as much of that time as they possibly could. The first round was a give-and-take affair, Moran getting home a hot left-hander, which out Silgo's lip and started the blood. The second saw the last-named boxer take a decided lead and get in many blows on his antagonist's nose. One spunk sent the blood flying in all directions. The third round was a heavy one, Silgo showing to most advantage. The fourth bout had some heavy punishment, but the numerous clinches spoiled the encounter, and while they were locked together the police jumped on the stage and separated the combatants just as time was called. The decision was that Silgo had made the most points.

The following letter explains itself:

ST. PAUL, MINN., Dec. 21, 1884.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
Sir—I am willing to box any man living, Queensberry rules, eight or ten rounds, the winner to take all the gate receipts, barring another side, weight no cooler, C. A. C. Smith preferred to any man in the ring. Smith says he fought thirty-four battles—in his mind. Now, the facts are that Melvina Thompson defeated him, and Jack Stewart, of Canada, ran him out of Harry Hill's stage in two rounds, Queensberry rules, and again, in a go-as-you-please

contest at East Saginaw, with Charley Hadley, of Bridgeport. Charley made him squeal so lustily that he was heard in Bay City, ten miles distant. I will bet this looking-glass boxer, or any of his friends, \$25 that up to the 1st of November, 1884, he never won a battle in his life, either under Queensberry or London rules, and leave it to the POLICE GAZETTE, the best sporting paper in America, to decide. I can be found at any time at the Phoenix sporting saloon, No. 85 East Fourth street, and I am ready and anxious at any time to have a go with him, hard or soft gloves or bare knuckles.
BILLY WILSON.

Champion colored pugilist of the world, and who dare dispute it?
The following explains itself:

PITTSBURGH, PA., Dec. 20, 1884.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
DEAR SIR—Having been informed that Mr. Thomas Dean, of Natrona, Pa., my backer in my recent hard-glove fight with W. McDonald, of Pittsburgh, accuses me of selling the fight with McDonald, allow me to say, through the POLICE GAZETTE, that it is utterly false, and I cannot see on what grounds Mr. Dean makes such an assertion, for he well knows that I did my level best to win the fight, and did win it if the referee had given a fair and impartial decision, for I had McDonald so badly beaten in the fifth round that he could not come up to time. But while he lay helpless on the floor, and I stood waiting for him to rise, one of his seconds, made some taunting remarks to me, and in the excitement of the moment I rushed at him (the second) and struck him. They immediately claimed a foul, saying I had struck McDonald while he was down, which I am positive I did not strike McDonald, but struck his second. Dean knows this to be true, and why he should make such a cowardly accusation against me I am totally at a loss to know, for if I had had any intention to sell it I should have given up earlier in the fight instead of fighting the five punishing rounds that were fought. I am ready to fight McDonald again for \$300 a side or upward any time he is ready. By kindly inserting this in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE you will greatly oblige
Yours respectfully,
CHARLES MCCOY.

The following are the particulars of the glove contest between Patsy O'Brien and Jim Crowley, who fought at South Boston, recently: O'Brien was seconded by Billy Stieve and Jack Loring, Dan Conley and Johnnie Murphy performing that duty for Crowley. Lawrence Sullivan, of South Boston, was time-keeper. At the call of time Crowley, the sturdier of the contestants, opened the fight by leading for O'Brien's nose, but was short, and got a warm one on his right jaw, and a stinger in the ribs for his effort. The men then clinched, and in the wrestling which followed considerable fighting was indulged in by both men. Crowley getting rather the most punishment. After sparring some moments for wind, O'Brien got in on Crowley in one, two, three, four and the clear stream from Crowley's nose. O'Brien soon gave a straight left-hander that jarred the teeth in Crowley's head, and another clinch resulted in O'Brien getting in some more body work. The second round was similar to the first. O'Brien fought with the most care, while Crowley acted as though it was ordained that he was the superior man, and his consequent rashness got him a liberal peppering all over. The third round was not particularly interesting. Crowley, however, caught O'Brien napping, and planted both his gloves square on the latter's visage, almost knocking him from his pins, he being saved from falling by the spectators. In the fourth round O'Brien appeared a trifle blown, but bore up bravely against several very good right and left-handers, and almost drove the wind out of Crowley's body with a hot right-hander on the ribs. The referee at the close of the battle decided the affair a draw, and the men retired, neither of them at all the worse for their work.

Several sporting men of O'Neill, Neb., have written Richard K. Fox to send on for Patsy McNally, a pugilistic wonder and heavy-weight champion of said State, to pit him against the many pugilists who claim championship honors. McNally is a giant in stature and muscular development, stands 6 feet 1½ inches in height and weighs untrained 216 pounds; in condition, 197 pounds. He is a wonderfully hard hitter, and in the numerous rough-and-tumble and prize ring encounters he has engaged in proved he possesses all the essential points, courage, science and endurance necessary in a pugilist, and is only twenty-three years of age. He has been victorious in every battle he has engaged in. On Nov. 10, 1883, he fought Jim Perry, alias English Jim, at Kingsley, Iowa, according to London prize ring rules. Perry had the reputation of being a noted knocker-out, and few supposed McNally would be able to conquer him. Only one round had been fought in 2 minutes and 30 seconds, when McNally landed a terrific blow on Perry's jaw, which knocked him senseless. Perry was carried insensible to his corner, and his seconds, being unable to revive him, threw up the sponge declaring McNally the victor. After the battle Jack Allen, the heavy-weight champion pugilist of Iowa, challenged McNally to fight for \$500. The deal was accepted, the match made, and the pugilists fought in December, 1883. Again McNally displayed his wonderful hitting powers and knocked Allen senseless by a blow on the jugular, winning the battle in just 35 seconds. Jack Harpley, of Elgin, Illinois, was the next to engage McNally's attention for a stake of \$500. This contest was decided in January, 1884, and after a hurricane battle, which lasted through four rounds, ended in McNally knocking out the Illinois Hercules, thereby giving him the fight. In November last, O. H. Smith, the well-known champion pugilist of Nebraska, challenged McNally to fight for \$500 according to Queensberry rules. The match was arranged and the contest decided at O'Neill, Neb., McNally again being victorious. McNally is now eager to meet some of the noted champions, and has notified Richard K. Fox that he is willing to come East and meet any pugilist. On his arrival in this city several boxing contests will be arranged.

In regard to the arrest of John L. Sullivan and Alf. Greenfield Pendergast says: "All at once the merry little arrangements of the boxers in America, as pleasant to onlookers and so profitable to themselves, have been put in imminent danger by means of a proclamation issued by the Mayor of New York. This functionary having read in the papers various sensational accounts of the bout between Sullivan and Laffin, expresses his regret that the police should have permitted any show to be given 'which partook of all the elements of a prize fight.' Having expressed his regret, the mayor then proceeds to give his reason for so doing: 'I believe that such exhibitions are disgraceful to the city in the highest degree, demoralizing to young men, and in their tendency leading to disrespect of law and order.' Then there is some more stuff of a similar sort which means nothing, but which serves the purpose of enabling the Mayor of New York to show that whatever commoner mortals may do, say, or think, he, the M. of N. Y., is possessed of a holy horror of boxing. This feeling is in no way peculiar; it is shared by other rational people wherever the English language is spoken. Here in London, just as some people think a turn with the gloves the only thing there is in the way of sport worth having, so there are other people liberal-minded to a degree about everything else, but who cannot contain themselves with indignation whenever boxing—and especially professional boxing—is mentioned. Often I have endeavored to discover why this is, but so far have failed utterly and completely. It cannot be wholly and solely because of boxing's brutality, for many of those who are loudest in their declamation against boxing are given over body and soul to brutality of far worse description. A realistic drama which draws tears copiously will find them crowding round the pay-box, a barbarous murder, a particularly horrible railway slaughter, or a distressing case of starvation and cruelty to children, will cause them to buy issue after issue of the daily papers in search of fuller and complete details, and to revel in the misery that harrrows them up so pleasurably. Say but one word to these worthy folk about a boxing match, and their indignation that any such thing may be permitted within the confines of civilization is almost hysterical. I happen to know a lady who would die for want of excitement if Providence made battle, murder, and sudden death impossible during any one week, and if no new form of sensationalism sprang up to fill the vacant space; yet this lady cannot pass a shop in which a set of boxing-gloves are exposed for sale without paying fervently for the power of giving the shop's proprietor into custody. It is of no use attempting to reason with these detectors of the noble art—whom I must admit is in a very laudable position just now so far as its professors are as to its professional exhibitions and general surroundings are concerned; all that can be done is to maintain a discreet silence, and turn the conversation as soon as possible. That the feeling of abhorrence for boxing such as I have described as existing among folk who might reasonably have been expected to support it, or at worst to be neutral, is both strong and widespread in this country, as well as in America, can be shown without much difficulty. There are powerful papers which can speak with equanimity of atrocities such as should be humanly impossible, which can and do advocate bloody war, and which is a variety of ways appear utterly bodiless; and yet these same papers will howl with indignation and shed crocodile tears by the pallid over the degraded condition of the country, should it come to their knowledge that two men have been trying to knock each other 'out,' with boxing-gloves."

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

Edward McDermott is going to open a sporting saloon at Peekskill, N. Y., and call it the "Police Gazette" Shades.

Prof. Walter Watson has opened a sparring school at 123½ Broadway, near Thirty-fourth street. He has a large class of pupils.

The manager of the Bijou Club, of Boston, offers a purse of \$500 for Jack Burke and George La Blanche to contest for 6 rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, the winner to take \$400, the loser \$100.

Billy Wilson, the colored pugilist of Boston, who fought a draw with Melvina Johnson in this city last summer, is now in St. Paul, Minn. Wilson claims to be the champion colored pugilist of the world.

On Tuesday night, Dec. 30, Homer Lane, the ex-champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, will be tendered a benefit at Mike Cleary's Sportsman's Hall, 270 Bowery, when there will be wrestling and boxing.

Adrian Kitt, who, last summer, walked from New York to San Francisco (starting from the Police Gazette building) in 98 days, is now on his way back. He expects to complete the journey in 90 days.

Counselor Hummel, of the firm of Howe & Hummel, the famous criminal lawyers, returns thanks to Alexander H. Stewart, Chief of Police of Hamilton, Canada, for favors received during his visit to Canada.

Matsuda Sorakichi, the champion Japanese wrestler, will be tendered a benefit at the Alhambra, 108 West Eighteenth street, on the evening of Dec. 31. The Jap and Daly will wrestle, also Hamada and Sorakichi.

Billy Lynn, the pugilist, is teaching boxing at Fresno, Cal. Lynn has issued a challenge to meet any man on the Pacific Coast in the arena, either "Police Gazette" or London prize ring rules, for \$250 or \$500 a side.

William Elliott, the ex-champion carman of England, writes to a friend in this city that there are few first-class carmen in England at the present time, and not one who could find a backer to match him for \$100 (\$500) against any American.

At Butte City, Montana, on Dec. 14, J. K. Waite, the champion pugilist of Montana, was defeated after a desperate battle with Tom McNally, of Colorado. At last advice Waite was in bed, suffering internally from fractured ribs and punishment he had received.

Hugh McCormack, of St. John, N. B., is coming to New York to get the \$500 offered to any man who can skate 2 miles in 6 min. McCormack declares he will only be repeating a feat he has frequently performed. The probabilities are that if he can do it once more he can make a pot of money.

George La Blanche, the 140-pound pugilist of Boston, has gone into training to box Jack Dempsey. The affair will be decided on the seventh day of the new year, within 100 miles of Philadelphia. The pugilists are to contend according to new "Police Gazette" rules, at catch weights, for \$1,000.

Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, and Steve Taylor were among the principal attractions in the boxing line at John Clark's Club theatre, Philadelphia, recently. Burke is a clever, shifty pugilist, but the coolness of Taylor, who is one of the most scientific heavy weights in this country, makes Burke watchful in order to avoid Taylor's dangerous right away.

Jim McGee, of East Boston, defeated Paddy Duffy, of Boston, on Dec. 19. In the second round Duffy fought for McGee's head, and got in some heavy hits, but McGee watched his chance, and finally landed a stunning blow on Duffy's neck, which felled him like an ox, and lay unconscious on the floor. The fight was given to McGee. Jake Kilrain officiated as referee and Dan Gill as master of ceremonies.

Bob Smith, the veteran trainer and second, has been tendered a complimentary benefit at Madden's, 120 East Thirtieth street, for New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, 1884. A grand athletic exhibition will be given, participated in by all the prominent athletes of this city and vicinity. The brothers, Chris and Joe Wannop, of England, will wrestle for a purse of \$25. The wind-up will be between Steve Taylor and Johnnie Saunders.

On Dec. 19, at Boston, there was a well-contested glove contest between Tag Collins, of Boston, and Paddy Sullivan, of Lowell. After 7 desperate rounds had been fought time was called for the eighth round, and the pugilist staggered to the center of the ring, and it was all they could do to keep their feet. There was no fight left in them. No amount of urging could get them to do more than make a few passes at each other. Finally, the referee gave the fight to Collins, although many of the spectators thought it should have been declared a draw.

The following is a list of visitors to this office for the past week: Walter De Baun, Prof. Walter Watson, Joe Strincker; John Stillwell, Coney Island; Wm. Davis, Mt. Sinai, Long Island; Capt. Jas. C. Daly, Ed. Mallaban, Jack Burke; Michael Noonan, New York; James Shipper, "Mace's Stiff 'Un"; Tommy Barrow; Ex-Senator Marvin H. Joyce, Wisconsin; John Benks, Richmond, Va.; Paul Cassidy, Atlanta, Ga.; Harry Miner, theatrical manager; Joe Arthur, theatrical advance agent; Fred, Paddock, Henry Seelig.

The \$100 recently deposited by Wm. H. Rogers, the proprietor of the Washish House, Chicago, to match Bradburn, of Chi. ago, against Patsy Carroll, of Peoria, Ill., was returned by Richard K. Fox on Dec. 21 on receiving the following:

UNION STOCK YARDS, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 16, 1884.

Richard K. Fox, Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York:
DEAR SIR: Parson Davies and myself have arranged for a meeting soon at this place, between Carroll and Bradburn, there is no necessity of the \$100 deposit remaining longer. Please return draft and oblige yours respectfully,
WM. H. ROGERS.

515 Root Street, Proprietor Washish House, U. S. Y.
The following is a list of letters lying at this office: Will: Brown (2), James Brown, Jack Burke, Georgia Comstock, banjoist; Hon. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), Thos. Davis, Harry Dobson, Dalton and Wats, one-armed boxers; Wm. Edwards, pedestrian; George A. Edwards, James W. Fullbrook (2), Prof. Hoefler, club swinger; G. W. Hamilton champion jumper; J. Edwin Irving, Tom Hall, Geo. W. Lee, carman; G. J. Montgomery, John Mackay, Carlos Martino, wrestler; Patsy Murphy, Eph Morris, Dominick McCaffrey, Mr. Prince, bicyclist (2); Wallace Ross, carman; Wm. Smith, Sol Smith Russell, Tom Walling, Harry Webb (2), Harry Thompson, S. F. Yeager, artist.

Turf circles have been greatly excited over the unprecedented trotting performance of Gov. Leland Stanford's four-year-old filly, Sally Benton, at San Francisco, who on Dec. 13 trotted a mile to a rule in the unprecedented time of 2:17½, beating the best time on record for a four-year-old (made by Elvira, 2:18½) by three-quarters of a second. Sally Benton is by General Benton dam Sontag Mohawk by Mohawk Chief. Among the owners of fast trotting-horses who are elated by Sally Benton's great performance is Richard K. Fox, for the team, Nelly Sontag and Sir Mohawk, he purchased from Mr. Simmons for \$6,000, is closely related in breeding. In regard to Sally Benton's performance Veritas, of the Spirit of the Times, writes as follows, under date of Dec. 22, to Mr. Fox: "Allow me to congratulate you on having a trotting team so closely related to Gov. Stanford's (of San Francisco) champion four-year-old, Sally Benton. The sire of your horses, Victor Mohawk, is a full half-brother to Sontag Mohawk, dam of Sally Benton, both being sired by Mohawk Chief. The dam of your horses, Nelly Sontag, is grand dam of Sallie Benton."

Tom Walling writes from San Francisco that he defeated Billy Lynn in their recent contest at San Francisco, and every sporting man on the Pacific Coast is aware of the fact that the referee declared him the winner. The following is a letter from the well-known Colorado pugilist:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 21, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
Sir—I see Billy Lynn has floored all the Eastern sporting papers with the same report of our fight that he sent to the San Francisco Daily Chronicle, which surprised me when I read it. I went to the Chronicle office and it was corrected, and all sporting men laughed at the idea of Lynn being so cunning, flashing the news

all over America that he whipped me in 6 rounds. Why, Lynn could not whip me in 6h if my hands were tied down, and if Lynn thinks he can fight let him cover my \$250 which I sent on to Richard K. Fox two months ago, to fight any 145-pound man with 2-ounce gloves, and Mr. Fox still holds the money, and I will fight Lynn any day after he covers my money and I signs articles of agreement. Mr. John Cole, of Fresno, was referee, and Judge Pennie, of San Francisco, and the Sheriff of Merced County, witnessed the fight, and can bear out that what I say is true. Referee Cole decided me the winner and I got the money. By publishing this letter in your valuable and unprejudiced paper you will do me justice and oblige yours respectfully,
TOM WALLING,
Wisconsin Hotel, Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

The long-pending 3,000-point French carrom (unrestricted) billiard match between W. H. Catton, of St. Louis, and Edward McLaughlin, of Philadelphia, was played at Music Hall, Chicago, on Dec. 19 and 20. The stakes were \$1,000 a side. Jacob Schaefer was umpire for Catton, and H. G. Wallace for McLaughlin. McLaughlin was the favorite in what little betting there was done, but an offer of \$15 against \$50 on Catton found no takers. George F. Stroud, a prominent merchant of Oshkosh, was chosen referee after a protracted wrangle, and Charles Matthews acted as marker. McLaughlin led from the beginning, and it soon became evident that he would be the first to reach the limit of the night's play by virtue of superior ball-nursing. In the seventh inning he ran 103 at this style of play, and in his eleventh inning he put together the unparalleled run at this style of play of 942, beating his own run of 804 in Philadelphia, which before stood as the largest in America. In his thirty-third inning he ran 126, leaving him only 105 short of his full string, while Catton had only secured 315 buttons. He was unable to hold the table for a run of three figures, except in the eighth inning, when he counted 133. McLaughlin ran 99 and failed on a very difficult masseé draw, the game then standing 1,498 to 434. Catton made 2, and at 11:40 o'clock McLaughlin completed his night's string of 1,500 to Catton's 436. On the second night Catton played in better form, and by one or two large runs won the game. The score was: Catton, 3,000; McLaughlin, 2,307.

On Dec. 13, at Harry Maynard's sporting house, San Francisco, Jack Dempsey, of St. Louis, and Jack Campbell fought for a purse according to "Police Gazette" rules. John Gleason, chiefly remarkable for the fact that he hadn't the slightest idea about the Marquis of Queensberry rules, was chosen referee. Campbell was seconded by Tom Walling and Tom Cleary, and Dempsey by Bill Price. The fight lasted 8 rounds. In the first Dempsey scored a clean knock-down. In the second Campbell followed suit. In this round the men did some clever in-fighting. Campbell's remarkably brilliant stopping and countering, and his gameness under the most trying circumstances, won him much applause. In the third round Dempsey again knocked Campbell off his pins and punished him severely, but dropped without a blow himself to avoid punishment. In the sixth round Dempsey had decidedly the best of the contest. He chased Campbell around the ring, and finally wound up by knocking him to the floor. When he had done that he proceeded to hit him while on the floor two or three times. Cries of "Foul" were raised, but the referee decided that he did not think Dempsey "meant to do it." In the seventh and eighth rounds Dempsey repeated his former tactics. The last foul was so palpable that even the referee considered it, and awarded the fight to Campbell. The fight, while it lasted, was a good one, although it appeared from the first that Dempsey had no desire to fight, and wanted to get out of doing so on a foul if possible.

The last act in the litigation over the recent glove contest between John L. Sullivan and Alfred Greenfield, ended on the 23d inst. in Court of General Sessions, before Judge Gilderleeve. After the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty in the charges made against Sullivan and Greenfield, Howe & Hummel, Richard K. Fox's counsel, moved that Richard K. Fox, Alf. Greenfield's backer, and others, who were indicted for aiding and abetting, should be discharged. Judge Barrett determined to decide the question on Dec. 19, when it was found that the papers had not left the Court of General Sessions and the matter was postponed until December 23 when the case was settled and the indictments against Richard K. Fox, Alf. Greenfield's backer, Patrick Sheedy, of Chicago, Sullivan's backer, Wm. E. Harding, Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, and Charley Johnston, of Brooklyn, were all quashed.

AT A COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS OF THE PEACE, holden in and for the City and County of New York, at the City Hall of the said City, on Tuesday, the Twenty-Third day of December, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-Four:

PRESENT.

THE HON. HENRY A. GILDERLEEVE, Justice of the Court of the City and County of New York, in and for the City of New York, in Sessions.

The People, etc., against Patrick F. Sheedy, William E. Harding,

Richard K. Fox, Charles Johnston, Arthur Chambers, Patsy Sheppard, alias Patrick Sheppard; Nobby Clark, and William Mahoney on indictment for instigating a fight, etc. Filed Nov. 21, 1884.

On a motion of Howe & Hummel for defendants, and by consent of the District Attorney, it is ordered by the Court that the indictment against all the defendants be, and the same is hereby dismissed. It is further ordered that the defendants, Harding, Fox, Johnston and Chambers, and their sureties, John Wood, Patrick Haven and Daniel Kelly, be severally discharged from their undertakings to answer.

A true extract from the minutes.

J. SPARKS,
Clerk of Court.

In order to keep pace with the times we have considered it necessary to revise the rules governing all glove contests, and we publish the rules which will in future govern all contests in which boxing-gloves are used in the United States, the Territories and Canada. The following are the "Police Gazette" boxing rules, revised January, 1885, which shall from the above date govern all glove contests, issued by Richard K. Fox, editor and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

RULE 1—The weights of all shall be as follows: For heavy, over 150 lbs; middle, under 150 lbs and over 140 lbs; light, under 140 lbs.

RULE 2—No wrestling or hugging allowed. The rounds to be of 3m duration, and 1m time allowed for resting between each round.

RULE 3—In all contests two time-keepers shall be appointed, and the referee, under no circumstances, shall keep time.

RULE 4—During the contest if either man fall through weakness or otherwise he must get up unassisted, 10s being allowed him to do so, the other man meanwhile to retire to his corner, and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the 3m have expired, and if one man falls to come to the scratch in the 10s allowed it shall be in the power of the referee to give him a award in favor of the other man.

RULE 5—A contestant hanging on the ropes in a helpless state, with his toes off the ground, shall be considered down. No seconds, or any other person but the referee, to be allowed in the ring during the rounds.

RULE 6—When either contestant is knocked down within the allotted 3m he shall be allowed 10s to get on his feet again, unassisted, except when this occurs in the last 10s.

RULE 7—The gloves to be of fair-sized boxing-gloves of the best quality, and new. Should a glove burst or come off it must be replaced to the referee's satisfaction. A man on one knee is considered down, and if struck while in that position it will be considered foul. No shoes or boots with spikes allowed.

RULE 8—That any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the referee being obtained, shall be deemed to have lost.

RULE 9—That the seconds shall not interfere, advise or direct the adversary of their principal, and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to their principals.

RULE 10—If either man shall willfully throw himself down without receiving a blow—whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not—he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent, or from obvious accident.

RULE 11—If a glove shall burst or come off, it must be replaced immediately to the satisfaction of the referee. Any tampering with the gloves, by forcing the hair from the knuckles or otherwise, shall be considered foul.

RULE 12—An honest and competent referee, who is familiar with the rules, shall be chosen, whose orders must be promptly obeyed, and his decisions in all cases shall be final. In order that exhibitions may be conducted in a quiet and pleasant manner, it is suggested that the referee should always request all persons present to refrain (while a contest is in progress) from any loud expression or demonstration.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I have no antipathy against Archer, but I think there are jockeys in the old country who can outdo him at the same weight; and I think like Murphy, Jimmy McLaughlin and Billy Donohue, if they had the mounts on horses Archer has ridden, could have won like he has done.

President Young, of the National Baseball League, has received a letter from the Secretary of the American Baseball Association, asking the League to protect the association in the matter of the contracts existing between it and the Virginia and Indianapolis clubs that have recently been barred out.

I am of the opinion that such protection cannot be granted. As the clubs named are not members of the association which is a party to the League agreement, the association cannot expect protection from the League.

I think the victory of Malta, the Australian racehorse, in the annual race for the Melbourne cup in Australia, was a wonderful and unprecedented performance.

Malta carried 135 pounds, beating a field of twenty-three, conceding 43 pounds to the bottom weight in the handicap, and from that down to 12 pounds to all the others, save the second horse, the famous Comotom, who, with 138 pounds, was second.

He ran the race, 2 miles, in 2:31 3-4. There never has been such fast time made in this country. Of course we have had faster time recorded, but not under such weight.

Ten Broeck's time, 3:27 1-2, was fast, but he only carried 110 pounds, and the time was not made in an actual race.

Wildmore ran the distance in 3:38, at catch weights. Bushwhacker accomplished the distance in 3:30, but he only carried 99 pounds.

I always considered McWhirter's performance, 3:30 1/2, the best of American records, because it was made when he was a three-year-old, early in the spring, with 103 pounds up.

Now I must emphatically say that Malta's performance, whether viewed critically on a time-taking standpoint, or from a weight-carrying performance, or both, is phenomenal.

At O'Neill, Nebraska, I learn that there is a physical wonder in the pugilistic line, who rejoices in the name of Patsy F. McNally.

He is no infant, either, for he stands 6 feet 2 1-2 inches in height, and, although the Nebraska Hercules is only twenty-three years of age, he weighs 220 pounds untrained.

I have no faith in big men, and if I were looking for a champion would not look for a six-footer.

Tom Hyer, Tom King and John C. Heenan made their mark as champions, and why should McNally be repudiated?

So far McNally has done wonders, that is, he has within a period of one year beaten four opponents, knocking them out inside of four rounds, and the public, at least the sporting division, think he is a winner.

There is only one crucible in the pugilistic realm to melt McNally, to prove if he does possess the quantity and the quality necessary to become a champion, that is John L. Sullivan.

If this latest wonder in the athletic arena is the great pugilist sporting men of Nebraska claim, let him come East and meet the champion of champions in the arena.

The Mitchell and Madden Refined Drawing-Room Combination appeared at Bradford, Pa., last week. A correspondent writing from Bradford says: "Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, and Wm. Madden, the champion trainer of the world, and the combination, which was under the management of Harry Webb, of Leadville, Col., packed the Gem theatre. The men appeared to show their respective styles and gave an interesting exhibition. Mitchell in particular, who has more the appearance of a student than a knocker, was the subject of much attention. Previous to the sparring there was a specialty entertainment in which a number of clever people participated."

The racing season of 1884 is virtually at an end. Almost from the first day at Sheepshead Bay to the last day at Jerome Park the racing has furnished an illimitable series of surprises, which in many minds were not legitimately brought about.

You could not form one of a group which did not sneer when the horses of certain stables were beaten, fantasizing that the price was not good enough, that the jockey was riding for book-makers, or that the trainer was running the horse for work in view of certain important engagements a day or two subsequently.

To my own satisfaction, however, I know that nine-tenths of those who were so silly in their scandalizing utterances knew little or nothing of what they spoke.

Some were new-comers on a race-course, others were jealous rivals of great stables, and many were sore betters who could not otherwise palliate their bad judgment.

It is not part of my duty to assert that all horsemen are strictly honest, all jockeys incorruptible, all trainers zealous that the public shall have a run for their money.

Let the sensible portion of the public put themselves in the position of the owners or trainers of good horses. For some reason the animal does not finish his allowance of feed one day. This continues for a week or two, and the time is rapidly approaching for a valuable engagement to be run.

Within a few days of the big race the horse begins to show signs of coming around again. This is joyful news to the trainer and owner, but they are not sure that he will be able to run his best on the big event, and a couple of days prior to that he is run in a purse or handicap.

Like any prudent man, his owner does not back him, as he is not sure he can beat a good seasoned horse or two that he may be called on to meet.

The book-makers generally know whether the owner is backing or not, and if he is not the odds expand. Some of the public think that when this is seen the horse is to be pulled or will not win. Is this reasonable?

Does any sensible man think that prominent turfmen are fools enough to put their lives in the power of their employees in that way? Trainers and jockeys are constantly changing employers, and if there ever has been complicity the discharged employee is sure to publish it among his friends for revenge.

Clifford, who is to row Hanlan and Beach in Australia, weighs 224 pounds.

I think he must have shown himself equal to first-class company, considering the large amount of money that is placed on him.

Wallace Ross, I have been informed, offers to take 5 seconds start from Teemer and row him for any amount over the Thames championship course in England. If Teemer does not accept Ross will not cross the Atlantic for the present, as Hanlan, Beach and Clifford intend to stay in Australia for some time longer.

James Mitchell, the pugilist, who was arrested in Philadelphia on suspicion of having caused the death of a man named Mathison in a prize fight, was brought up for examination and discharged.

I knew when the announcement of his arrest was made that he never fought any one that had died from injuries received.

I understand that Jack Dempsey is to meet George La Blanche, better known in Boston as the "Marino," in a contest for \$1,000 on Jan. 7, at or near Philadelphia.

Dempsey will have to give away nearly 20 pounds avoirdupois, for his fighting weight is 133 pounds while in condition. La Blanche will weigh 145 pounds. I think Dempsey will win, but it will be the hardest battle he ever fought.

I have been informed that baseball cost the stockholders of the Hartford League Association a little more than \$400 over the receipts last season, but they have determined to organize a nine for 1885, and three players have already been engaged. At Bridgeport a nine is also to be formed.

It is quite probable that Vignaux will visit the New Orleans exposition.

Schaefer, Slosson and Sexton will then follow, and there will be some great games played at the Crescent City.

George P. Bastian, of Brentwood, Cal., proposes to ride his bicycle across the country through California, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming and so on to New York, and thence by way of New Orleans, Texas and Mexico.

I must say the Brighton Beach Racing Association had a great season of it.

Just fancy, they had 125 days' racing and 648 races were run.

I am satisfied, from the way the racing was carried on this season, that the meeting will be just as successful next year.

Under the system adopted by the American Association, a new umpire may be seen at every game played during the season. This has the advantage of precluding the possibility of an umpire being "laid out" more than once.

There were a great many disappointed would-be umpires. There were over thirty applications, and only four could be appointed.

Who ever supposed that any sensible, sane juryman would bring in a verdict against John L. Sullivan and Alf Greenfield? I did not for a moment think so.

Boxing exhibitions attract large crowds, make a sensation, and that is all the harm that is done.

If one-half of those who have a distaste for boxing would buy a pair of boxing-gloves and deliver severe blows they would not have to defray many physicians' bills.

It is stated that the highest salaried ball-player in the profession for 1885 will be James O'Rourke, late of the Buffalo team.

After receiving flattering offers from the Cleveland, Boston, Detroit, Providence, St. Louis and Athletic clubs, he finally signed in New York for \$6,500. The Athletics offered him \$4,000, but he wanted \$6,000.

Mullane's release was purchased by Von der Ahe from the Toledo Club at a high figure, and he went before a notary, and entered into an agreement to play with the St. Louis Club during 1885 at a salary of \$5,500 with \$500 advance money. The Cincinnati managers offered him \$5,000 for his season's work, with \$2,000 advance money, and the great copper flopped.

Ward, of the New York League team, gets \$3,400 next year, and Buck Ewing \$3,000. Fouts gets \$3,000 from the St. Louis Club, and Von der Ahe paid \$3,000 for his release. Radburn, the Providence pitcher, had an offer of \$6,000 for his services next season.

Hecker, of the Louisville Club; Snyder, of Cincinnati; Galvin, of Buffalo; Burdock and Morrill, of Boston; Morris, of Chicago, and Gilligan will each receive \$2,500. Montaine, recently signed by Horace Phillips, is to receive \$3,300. Barkley, late second baseman of the Toledo Club, gets \$2,000 from Von der Ahe, as do Manning and Hackett in Boston. Anson will remain in Chicago another year at a salary of \$3,000, including the \$1,000 added money paid him as club manager. Joe Gerhardt, Bastian and several money players will get \$2,000, while the number receiving \$1,500 and upward are entirely too numerous to mention.

Nearly every paper in the country now undertakes to answer correspondents on sporting matters and decide wagers.

Many of them are correctly answered, but the majority lack authentic information and are incorrect, and thus when A bets B, and wins nine times out of ten, B receives A's money, which has been won by A.

Many of these so-called authorities, from want of practical experience and lack of carefully-compiled and corrected statistics, borrow from those who are the lucky possessors of those valuable records.

Others answer their correspondents by a sporting almanac, which they suppose is authority, and actually lose when they should have won.

Recently, one sporting paper decided a wager that there was only one pugilist in America who bore the name of Billy Edwards, and A, who bet there was another pugilist of the same name who fought in this country, lost his money.

The party losing referred his question to me, and I decided he had won. He wrote to the alleged authority, and they said their answer in the first place was correct. In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE I prove that A won, and give the date and place of the battle and the result.

Another sporting authority decided in cutting for deal at euchre when A cuts an ace and B cuts a jack that the latter won the deal.

The decision was wrong, and in the "Police Gazette" the decision was A won, the ace being the highest card. The party who lost by the sporting paper's wrong decision again bet a party that the sporting paper would decide the question in the same way it had done before.

What was his surprise when he found that the sporting paper, which is published in Centre street, decided, as the POLICE GAZETTE had done in the first instance, that the ace was entitled to the deal.

There is no almanac or sporting record book in America that can be relied on. They contain a large amount of statistics, but dates, figures and records, on the whole, are wrong.

I understand John Teemer, the well-known carman of McKeesport, Pa., threatens to make startling disclosures concerning the races which his old manager, Evan Morris, of Pittsburgh, arranged for him during the past season.

Teemer, I understand, has had a row with Saulson, his beamer, and the latter has quarreled with Morris and the trio are quarrelling over the division of the season's spoils.

Already Teemer says that all his races except the one with Wallace Ross for \$1,000 a side were for gate receipts.

It is an old saying when rogues fall out honest people get their own, and if Teemer is wise the less he says about crooked races the better, for he will only drag rowing down to a lower state on the aquatic ladder.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

T. L. W., Boston.—No.

H. G. Kiel, Wis.—No.

J. J. S., Port Huron, Mich.—Yes.

A. Z., Cleveland, Ohio.—A wins.

W. H. G., Belmont Centre.—No.

D. W. M., Rochester, N. Y.—Yes.

A. B. C., Margererville, N. Y.—Yes.

J. W., Council Bluffs, Ohio.—A wins.

M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.—Wm. J. Scanlan.

C. L. C., New York.—Grover Cleveland.

A. B. C., Kansas City.—1. No. 2. A wins.

BOARD OF TRADE, Butte City, Montana.—No.

M., Bangor, Me.—What distance do you mean?

W. S. H., Paola, Kansas.—See answer to Sport.

J. J. McK., Bingham, Utah.—B wins the money.

POKER PLAYER.—One, two, three, four, five wins.

A. E., Meriden, Conn.—Read the POLICE GAZETTE.

G. G., Alamosa, Cal.—Neither party counts cards.

H. G. H., Chicago.—Joh. F. Scholes is so considered.

W. T. P., Alton, Mich.—Yes; on several occasions.

E. T. S., York, Pa.—The party holding the queen wins.

J. H. D., New York.—The head of the ticket is the vote.

H. W., Kansas City.—Illinois is called the Prairie State.

J. L. B., South Kent, Conn.—Papers have been sent you.

H. S. L., Rhinebeck, N. Y.—A wins, as the horse beat Sm.

W. W., Albany, N. Y.—We do not advertise such firms free.

S. W., Olean, N. Y.—Fourteen feet six and one-half inches.

A. B. C., Concord, N. H.—Will answer your query next week.

G. W. S., New York.—Neither; the question is not yet settled.

SPORT.—It has not yet been decided who polled the most votes.

C. O. B., Lynn, Mass.—Thanks. Matter was used in city papers.

J. S., Louisville, Ky.—1. Yes; the contest was decided a draw.

2. No.

C. A., Paterson, N. J.—Because steeplechasers carry more weight.

M. P., Corinth, Miss.—Westmont's time is 2:01 1/2, made with running mate.

C. M. C., Lake Linden.—Send \$1 and we will furnish you with the rules.

G. W. W., Cheyenne, W. T.—Send \$10 and we will furnish you with a set.

P. M., Anacapa, M. T.—Trotting, 2:00 1/2; running, 1:39 1/2; pacing, 2:06 1/2.

SCIENTIFIC, Rochester, N. H.—Send for Gen. Newton's work on the subject.

D. M., Kansas City.—Write to Peck & Snyder, Kansas street, New York city.

C. O. R., Anacapa, Montana Territory.—No horse ever run 1 mile in a minute.

A., Chicago.—Have no record of the pedestrian you name. He is probably a ringer.

D. M., Fall River, Mass.—No; A wins. Sam Collier never defeated Billy Edwards.

W. J., Olean, N. Y.—The salary of the President of the United States is \$50,000 per annum.

M. L. D., Chicago.—We do not desire to match you or any one else against John L. Sullivan.

J. C. Jr., Alameda, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan keeps Mahogany palace, 714 Washington street.

D. S., Baltimore.—The distance of Havre, France, by water, from New York, is 3,200 miles.

BARTENDER, Cheshire, N. Y.—We will forward you a "Bartender's Guide" on receipt of 50 cents.

D. J. M., Richmond, Va.—The United States Minister to England receives a salary of \$17,500 per year.

P. W., San Antonio, Texas.—Tom Spring, the English pugilist, is buried in Norwood Cemetery, England.

F. A. B., Winnipeg.—1. Harry Woodson, the Black Diamond, is living in Chicago. 2. Have written it.

A. READER, Seattle, W. T.—1. Alf Greenfield's weight, 165 lbs. 2. Sullivan's, about 195 lbs. 3. No.

D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—H. Pennock, at New York, Dec. 13, 1870, elevated a dumb-bell 8,431 times in 4 1/2 min.

G. A. D., Boston.—If you engage building and defray expenses, we will give the \$500 if you can accomplish the feat.

E. F., Columbus, Ohio.—1. Chas. Perkins frequently boxed with John C. Heenan. 2. We cannot decide your question.

FARMER, Haverstraw, N. Y.—Wheat should be sown two bushels to the acre, broadcast; one and a quarter bushels in drills.

A. B., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Nat Langham died at London, Eng., Sept. 1, 1871. 2. He was the only pugilist that defeated Sayers.

J. W. S., Boston, Mass.—The champion all-round athlete of Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H., is Farnham Kaeelard, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

D. S., Laramie City.—1. The Swedish mile is the longest in the world, 11,794 yards. 2. The distance of an Irish mile is 3,038 yards.

M. H. S., White Pine, Nevada.—New York State furnished 445,550 soldiers during the civil war; Pennsylvania only furnished 338,155, and B wins.

L. M., Rochester, N. Y.—1. John Hughes was born at Rossera, Ireland. 2. "Blower" Brown's best record is 553 miles 170 yards in 140th min.

W. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. John Woods, better known as Cockey Woods, the pugilist, is dead. 2. His death was chronicled in the POLICE GAZETTE.

P. P., Oakland, Cal.—1. Mike McCoole never knocked Tom Allen out of time. 2. B wins. 3. It was Charley Gallagher that knocked Allen out of time.

J. W., Shelbyville, Ky.—A champion must stand ready and accept all challenges that are bona-fide and accompanied by a forfeit, or else lose the title.

R. A. B., Stretton, Ill.—At the time Mike Cleary and Jack Burke boxed 4 rounds one referee declared the contest a draw and the other that Burke won.

A. SPENCER, Cleveland, Ohio.—The popular vote for 1884—Grover Cleveland, 4,914,058; James G. Blaine, 4,844,252; St. John, 150,134; Butler, 134,028.

W. S. T.—Mike Donovan was beaten by Prof. Wm. C. McClellan by a foul, defeated McClellan by a foul, and fought a draw with McClellan at San Francisco.

D. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. The length of an Irish mile is 3,038 yards; an English mile, 1,760 yards. 2. Heenan weighed 186 lbs the day he fought Tom Sayers.

W. E. M., St. Paul, Minn.—John Dohler was born at Bridgeport, Ill. On Aug. 14, 1880, at Buffalo, he won the 72-hour champion belt, 12h a day, covering 414 miles.

D. M. C., Lewiston, Me.—1. No. 2. John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, and is twenty-six years of age. 3. Send 35 cents and we will send you "The Life of John Morrissey."

J. B., Boston, Mass.—1. Patsy F. McNally, the Nebraska heavy-weight champion, stands 6 ft 2 1/2 in in height, and weighs 197 lbs in condition. 2. He has won every battle he has engaged in.

C. A. H., New Britain, Conn.—1. Yes. 2. Send 35 cents and we will forward you the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring," which contains all the information you require.

J. J. G., Providence, R. I.—1. James Gordon Bennett beat John Whipple in a walking match from Fifty-eighth street to Jerome Park, N. Y., about 10 1/2 miles, on May 5, 1874. 2. The stakes were \$6,000.

G. T., Hamilton, Ontario.—1. The Duryea 6-day race will be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, in March, 1885. 2. The race will be go-as-you-please 142h, and open to all who desire to compete.

J. M. B., Lewiston.—Charl emagne, the steeplechaser, is owned by Dawes, of Lachine, Canada. His winnings with Charlemagne were \$1,935 during 1884, not including the money he won in backing his horse.

D. M., New Rochelle, N. Y.—Nel O'Baldwin fought Harnden twice, and Geo. Hes in England, and Joe Wormald at Lyndell, Mass., the latter fight being broken up by the police at the end of the first round.

S. S., Virginia City, Nev.—Judge Fullerton's time to wagon, 2:20 1/2, made in California, Nov. 21, 1874, was the best on

record till Hopeful beat it in Chicago, Oct. 12, 1878, trotting in 2:16 1/2, 2:17, 2:17.

B. S., Cleveland, Ohio.—A round means when a pugilist is either knocked down by a blow or thrown by his antagonist, then the men are taken to their corners and allowed 30s before time is called for the next round.

H. O., Independence, Mo.—After A and B throw off the tie, the party throwing the highest takes first prize and the next highest second. C has no claim to first or second prize after he failed to throw 39, like A and B.

A. McD., Westport, Pa.—1. No; the battle was a draw. 2. It was so reported, but there was no conclusive proof that he sold the fight. 3. One hundred and fifty-five pounds. 4. Send 30 cents and the "Athlete's Guide" will be mailed you.

A. READER, Greenwood, Mich.—1. D. M. Sullivan's reputed feats at jumping were never authenticated. 2. George W. Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y., is the champion jumper of the world. He has jumped 14 ft 5 1/2 in, and claims to have covered 14 ft 7 in.

W. H., San Francisco.—1. Charley Norton is one of the retired light-weight champions. 2. Jack Dempsey is ready to contend against any pugilist for that title. 3. Charley Mitchell is a middle-weight pugilist. 4. Pete McCoy's fighting weight is 145 lbs.

J. H. R., Pottsville, Pa.—The officers of the St. Louis Jockey Club for 1881 were John M. Harney, president, J. B. McCullah, vice-president, David Clarkson, secretary and treasurer, L. A. Clark, assistant secretary, and Samuel Ecker, general manager.

J. B., Rochester, N. Y.—The towers on the American side of the railway suspension bridge at Niagara Falls are higher than those on the Canadian side, and B loses. The towers on the American side are 83 ft, while the towers on the Canadian side are 78 ft.

M. S., Bangor, Me.—1. No. 2. The following is the prose: "Thumps follow thumps, and blow succeeding blows, swell the black eye and crush the bleeding nose. Beneath the ponderous fist the jaw-bone cracks, and the cheeks ring with their redoubled thumps."

Jermoo, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.—St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, is said to have been Bishop of Myra, and to have died in the year 306. The young were universally taught to revere him, and the popular fiction which represents him as the bearer of presents to children on Christmas Eve is well known.

S. H., Auburn, N. Y.—Robinson McLaren, better known as George Thompson, was born in Glasgow, Scotland. He fought McMulkin (a draw) in England, in 1850, and Willis and Morrissey in California, defeating the former, but being defeated by the latter. He died at Ballarat, Australia, Oct. 23, 1868.

M. S., Detroit, Mich.—Charles Freeman, the American Giant, died at the Winchester Hospital, London, Eng., on Oct. 22, 1845, aged twenty-eight years and weighing barely 140 lbs. In 1860 John C. Heenan, while visiting England, had a monument erected to Freeman's memory. Freeman stood 6 ft 10 1/2 in in height and weighed in condition 250 lbs.

M. M., Bataria, N. Y.—1. T. F. Delancy's time in his 10-mile race with W. G. George was 56m 9 1/2 s. 2. The mistake occurred in this way, in scoring the fifth mile one lap too much was added to Delancy's. The mistake did not alter the time of the 10 miles, 56m 9 1/2 s, as Delancy went the full distance, but it robbed him of the records from the sixth mile up.

A. A. A., Elmira, N. Y.—The "Paseion Play" was presented in San Francisco and then put in rehearsal at Booth's theatre, a couple of years ago, under the management of Mr. Abbey. The management went to great expense in providing scenery and costumes, but at the last moment weakened under the pressure of public opinion and withdrew it.

J. M., Indianapolis.—We are not responsible for other people's mistakes. Always send your favors to the POLICE GAZETTE and you will find you receive a fair and correct decision. It is an easy matter to ask questions in reference to sporting matters, but it is few who can answer them in an authentic manner. Always ask for the POLICE GAZETTE from your newsdealer, and forward us your favors and you will not lose what you should have won.

S. H., Utica, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. At Westminster Aquarium, London, track 9 laps to the mile, A. W. Blackair undertook to beat the amateur record at running 100 miles. He gave up at 91 miles, but surpassed all previous amateur performances from 82 miles to 91 miles, the new records being: 82 miles, 12h 4m 50s; 83 miles, 12h 3m; 84 miles, 12h 15m 20s; 85 miles, 12h 45m; 86 miles, 14h; 87 miles, 14h 15m; 88 miles, 14h 25m; 89 miles, 14h 45m; 90 miles, 15h; 91 miles, 15h 7m 20s.

J. G. M., Baltimore, Md.—1. Tom Sayers was born on the 17th of July, 1826, at Brighton, in the humble locality known as Pimlico; a row of small tenements leading out of Church street to North lane. 2. Sayers' father was born at Stouington, near Steyning, Sussex, and there baptised in 1793, at which place he lived for many years, until he married a Sussex woman. In a file of Bell's Life, April 28, 1860, the editor claimed that old Tom Sayers was born at Dingle, in Kerry, Ireland, but that is not true.

F. J. S., Detroit, Mich.—The Astley belt is now the personal property of Chas. Rowell. It was necessary to win it three times in succession before it became the personal property of any one. It was won by Chas. Rowell in New York city, March 10 to 15, 1879, score 500 miles 180 yards. Won the second time by Chas. Rowell, at New York city, Sept. 22 to 27, 1879, score 524 miles 77 yards. Won for the third time by Rowell Nov. 1 to 6, 1880, score 565 miles 63 yards. Won by Chas. Rowell at London, England, Jan. 20 to 25, 1881.



BROOKLYN'S HORROR.

THE FEARFUL HOLOCAUST AT ST JOHN'S HOME, BROOKLYN, BY WHICH TWENTY-FIVE LIVES WERE LOST. A GALLANT RESCUE BY A CONDUCTOR.



HENRY J. WILMOT,

A YOUNG FAIRHAVEN GROCERY CLERK, CHARGED WITH ELOPING WITH A SCHOOL-GIRL.

Henry J. Wilmot.

Henry J. Wilmot is a young Fairhaven, Conn., grocery clerk who is accused of eloping with Adelia C. Tucker, a school-girl of that place. The brothers of the girl determined to avenge her. According to Wilmot's story, while walking through South Quinpiac street on the opposite side from Delia's house Pat Tucker called him over to the other side of the street. He went to see what was wanted of him, when Pat, with an oath, told him he was altogether too fresh, at the same time striking him a severe blow in the eye, which knocked him down. The two Tuckers then pitched on to him, and while down kicked and pounded him unmercifully until Delia rushed from the house and begged her brothers not to kill him. He was then allowed to get up and depart.

Mme. Clovis-Hugues.

The latest Parisian sensation is the shooting of the French Deputy Marin by Mme. Clovis-Hugues, a beautiful woman, whose portrait we publish this week. She charged Marin with having circulated infamous reports concerning her for her purpose of blackmail. Goaded almost to madness and unable to obtain redress, she shot her traducer as he was coming from the Assembly Chamber. Marin died in great agony, and Mme. Clovis-Hugues is confined in prison, awaiting trial.



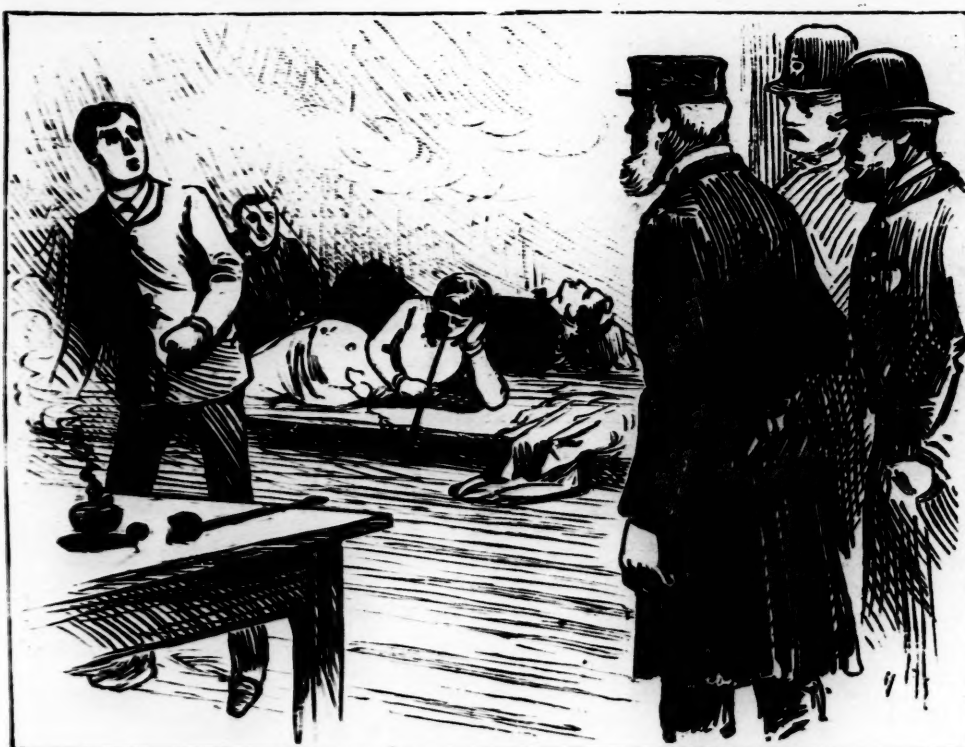
MME. CLOVIS-HUGUES.

THE FRENCHWOMAN WHO SHOT DEPUTY MARIN BECAUSE HE TRADUCED HER CHARACTER.



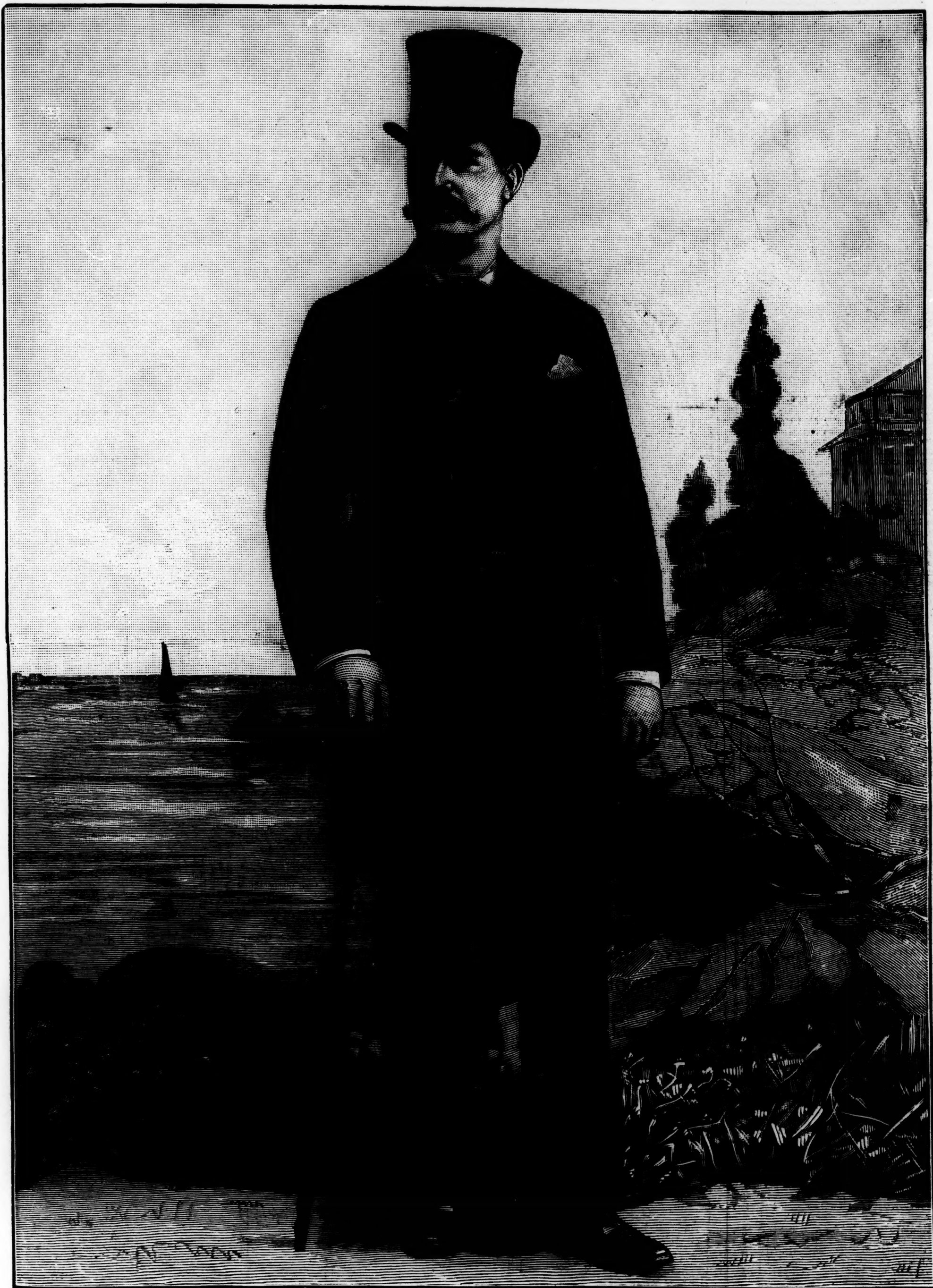
CHASED BY A JEALOUS WIFE.

HOW A JEALOUS BRIDGEPORT LADY FOLLOWED HER HUSBAND AND A PARTY OF FRIENDS AND MADE THINGS LIVELY ON A CONNECTICUT TURNPIKE.



RAIDING THE JOINTS.

SUPERINTENDENT WALLING MAKES A RAID ON A SIXTH AVENUE OPIUM DEN AND GATHERS IN A MOTLEY CROWD OF SMOKERS.



PADDY RYAN,

THE NOTED PUGILIST AND HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION, OF TROY, N. Y.

[Photo by Falk.]

BEFORE THE BAR.

News and Gossip in the Wine,
Liquor and Beer
Trade.



GEORGE BECHTEL.

Mr. Bechtel comes of a beer-brewing family. His father arrived in this country from Germany many years ago, and opened a fine restaurant where the *Evening Post* building now stands, corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where for many years he fed the downtown merchants who fancied good lager with their midday meal. Afterward he moved over to Staten Island—the home breweries—and built and established the large brewery which is now so successfully carried on by his able son, whose pleasing face heads this column. This brewery is the largest on the island and one of the greatest in the United States, turning out about 100,000 barrels of beer per annum. Several times has Mr. Bechtel's beer taken the first medal and prizes at contests in different parts of the universe, at our own centennial exposition, and at Sidney, Australia, etc. The elder Mr. Bechtel died some two or three years ago, but some time before his death he transferred the entire brewery to his son George. The latter gentleman takes an active part in the affairs of Richmond county, where he holds the position of supervisor-at-large and other trusts of importance. Mr. Bechtel is an enterprising, social and worthy citizen, who has a host of friends throughout the country.

"Hot Scotchies" are now in order.

Sam Law is in France sampling the vintage.

The New Orleans saloon-keepers are in clover.

William H. Vanderbilt boasts of his fine cellar of wine.

New Yorkers will drink a small ocean of champagne on New Year's Day.

The liquor dealers of Brooklyn are organizing a life insurance association in connection with their regular protective society.

There should be more harmony among the branch organizations with the Central body. Without union there is no chance of success.

If the assistant secretary of the Central Association of this city does his work well he is certainly \$50 per month to the members—if not more.

The so-called Law and Order Association of Nyack, N. Y., are training for another go at the liquor dealers of that place. It's time for the Protective Association to knock them out.

By a resolution of the Board of Excise of this city applicants for license must swear that they are residents of the city and county of New York. No Jersey man or others need apply.

The Scott Temperance Act was adopted by the united counties of Leeds and Grenville, Ont., last week, by a majority of 700. This shows the want of organization among the dealers in that section.

Prohibitionists have a good field in protecting little children who are poisoned by impure candies which are sold without license or prevention throughout the whole country, if they will only try it.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, of the Health Board, is doing more real good in preventing the sale of impure candies among children than all the cranky temperance people who are howling against respectable saloons.

James Madden, the new president of the Twentieth ward branch of the Liquor Dealers' Association, should be more liberal in his views regarding the salary of the assistant secretary of the Central Association.

Gabe Case presented a bottle of wine each to the drivers of first sleighs this winter reaching his hostelry from Harlem and below Fifty-ninth street. John J. Quinn and Charles E. Hebbard were the winners. However, Gabe says it was no go, and must be run over.

At Middletown, N. Y., a few years ago, 3,000 foolish people signed the temperance pledge through the influence of Elder Winchester. The result is to-day there are over sixty saloons doing a booming business, and the inhabitants are spending over \$100,000 yearly for genial refreshments.

What right have the Excise Commissioners to compel applicants for liquor license to be residents of the city and county of New York, when some of the largest merchants, brokers and other business men doing an immense trade in the metropolis live where they please? This seems at least a little arbitrary.

This is the way they have to do it at Bangor, Maine. No liquors are kept in sight, nor could a raider find any under the counter. When a drinker gives an order, he may notice that a man who has

been lounging to and fro walks to the end of the bar and has some mysterious, fumbling communication with the bartender. This operation is repeated after the dram has been swallowed. The truth is that the stock is carried in flat bottles in the pockets of the lounge, who is instructed to quit upon the first warning of a raid.

The Orangetown Law and Order Association of Nyack, N. Y., seems to be in bad luck. The society in its work the coming year will labor at a disadvantage that did not exist during the past season. A number of the leading members bolted the nomination of Blaine in November and voted for St. John, and, in consequence, many Republicans say they will do nothing more for the society. There is quite a bitter fight among the ultra-Blaine Republicans in regard to the matter, and they say that another temperance Excise Commissioner will never be elected in that town. One Republican, who has been a teetotaler all his life, told a correspondent that he would vote for the town to flow with rum rather than do anything for the temperance folks again, and similar expressions are heard there every day. The temperance advocates say this feeling will die out in a short time, but the others say it will not. There will be a lively time there at the spring election.

In May last the Twenty-eighth New York Volunteers held a joint reunion at Staunton, Va., with the Fifth Virginia Veterans. The election laws of Virginia require that no man shall sell or give away liquor from sunset of the day before an election until the morning after the election. The visitors arrived about sunset the day before the city election. The Virginians were greatly perplexed. The idea of anything standing between them and the time-honored custom of offering visitors a julep was exceedingly repugnant. It was worse, too, because the visitors had come hundreds of miles that day. Under a general pressure Crawford & Lally, a law-abiding firm, then proprietors of the Virginia Hotel restaurant, consented to keep a side door open for the convenience of the visitors. The Grand Jury met in September and indicted them. Mr. Lally, the only one of the firm found, was fined by a jury \$200 and sentenced to one month in jail. Gov. Cameron, on hearing the circumstances, promptly pardoned him, which relieved him of the confinement in jail, but he had not the power to remit the fine. The legislature, which only has the power, had adjourned. It is a hard case, and Mr. Lally has the sympathy of the community. His counsel has applied to the Court of Appeals for a *supercedas*.

CHASED BY A JEALOUS WIFE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Bridgeport, Conn., is much excited by the filing of an application for divorce by Mr. Willard Raymond, and the counter suit of his wife. Mrs. Raymond is said to be a very jealous lady, and a short time since, learning that her husband had gone out riding with a party of ladies and gentlemen, she determined to follow them. The party drove to the Gretman House at Milford, and when they arrived there Mrs. Raymond was standing on the piazza. As Mr. Raymond and the merry party dashed up Mrs. Raymond drew from under her seal-skin dolman a nickel-plated revolver with pearl handle, and, pointing it at her husband, said:

"Now I have got you."

The lady sitting beside Mr. Raymond laughed and said:

"You dare not shoot; you are too much of a coward."

Mr. Raymond, fearing she would fire, jumped out of the carriage and springing to the veranda, seized his wife and hurried her into the hotel. One of the gentlemen followed and attempted to pacify her and explain matters. While he was so doing Mr. Raymond jumped into his carriage again, wheeled his horses around and started for Bridgeport. He had driven as far as the brow of the hill descending to the Housatonic river and the Washington bridge, some four miles, where the party were attracted by the sound of hurrying horse-steps behind. Glancing back they beheld Mrs. Raymond lashing her horse and following at a breakneck pace. The horse was lathered with white foam, which fell from his steaming flanks as he leaped under the fury of the relentless lash. Mr. Raymond whipped his pair and away they went down hill toward the bridge. The bridge, which is a long one, re-echoed with the sound of the dashing hoofs. The toll-keeper at the Stratford end, hearing the unusual sounds, rushed out of his "keep," and seeing what he thought to be a runaway pair of horses, instantly flung his toll-gate wide open. On they came, Mr. Raymond lashing his pair, and his wife close behind, desperately whipping her horse. Drawing her revolver again she fired four shots in quick succession into the carriage retreating before her and its load of occupants. None of the shots, however, took effect.

KISSES IN THE COURT-ROOM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The trial of Mrs. Helen B. Ransler at Syracuse, N. Y., for the murder of Adam Sutter on March 22 last by shooting him dead in the street, has been watched with a great deal of interest. Mrs. Ransler is of excellent family, and no one had the least cause to doubt her character till the night of the tragedy which made orphans of eight children. Mrs. Ransler had been in the habit of meeting Sutter clandestinely, and with her his word was looked upon as law. She followed his bidding for two years or more, keeping the fact entirely from her husband and family. On the night of the tragedy she put a revolver in her pocket, and when Sutter stopped her and demanded that she accompany him she took the weapon out, and in a struggle that ensued, according to her testimony, it was discharged, the ball passing through Sutter's head.

When the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty" the court-room was crowded. A deafening cheer went up. The prisoner was surrounded by her husband, father and mother and three children, who sobbed and hugged and kissed her by turns. The crowd was equally as demonstrative, and Mrs. Ransler was compelled to go through a regular round of kissing and hand-shaking by both men and women. As soon as a way could be made through the crowd she was taken into an anteroom and left with her family. They sobbed and cried for an hour. After arriving at her home she was called on by several hundred of her friends who had been in sympathy with her.

The firm of John Matthews, manufacturers of soda-water apparatus, First avenue, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets, New York, advertised in the Christmas number of the *Police Gazette*, and under date of the 29th of December ordered another insertion, which appears in this issue. We could not have a more complete indorsement of the efficacy of our columns for houses of such repute as the one named.

To Brewers, Wholesale and Retail Wine and Liquor Dealers and Hotels.

This column will be devoted to a DIRECTORY OF THE TRADE, containing names and business addresses, for which a charge of \$2 per week will be made. The *POLICE GAZETTE* has more than double the circulation of all the trade papers in the United States and Canada combined; specially devoted to the "Liquor" Trade, it is kept on file in all the principal hotels, saloons and barber shops throughout the country, and with this widespread circulation among the very class that will afford good returns, it would be difficult to find another medium offering greater advantages. Address all communications,

RICHARD K. FOX,

Franklin Square, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOOK! LOOK! THE MACIO REVEALER. Examine the Hidden Beautiful and SECRET wonders of nature. Something that every young man and woman want. Will magnify 1000 times. This is something entirely new and a Rare Bargain to those who wish to see the Beautiful in Nature Revealed. Price 25c. 5 for \$1.00 (Silver or P. O. Stamp). All handsomely mounted in Gold and Ivory, and sent secure from observation on receipt of a note.

ATLANTIC MFG. CO., No. 50 Bond St., New York.

\$5.00 Given Away TO ALL!

If you will send 25c. to help pay cost of advertising, we will send you, postpaid, Four Beautiful German Dolls, one boy, two girls and a baby doll with Complete Outfit of 25 Fashionable Dresses, Hats, Cloaks, &c., worth \$5 of enjoyment to any little girl; 2 large size Gossamer Rubber Waterproof Garments for the ladies, and 6 new style Fruit Napkins. Stamps taken. Address B. C. BARTOCK & CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

THE FRENCH GEM. Microscopic Watch Charm in handsome Ivory cases with ring for attaching to watch chain; magnifies 1,000 times. Sample by mail, 25c.; 3 for 50c.; 7 for \$1.00. David H. Lawson, Philadelphia, Pa.

GET RICH A "GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS" will be sent you by return mail, on receipt of 10 cts. that will bring you in MORE MONEY in one month than anything else in America. Success certain. Needs no capital. Write to: LEO, 723 Sixth Street, New York.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive, free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, away from anything else in this world. Fortune await the workers absolutely sure. At once address Tux & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FRENCH GOODS.

Books, Views, Photographs, Cards, etc., etc., sealed Catalogue for stamped envelope. New York Notion Co., 58 Liberty St., New York.

Patent Binders, Containing Four of the latest issues, for filing the *POLICE GAZETTE*, can be purchased at the *POLICE GAZETTE* Publishing House, Franklin Square, New York. Price, \$1.50 each.

GENTS. Something New in Rubber Goods, strong, soft and durable. Three sizes. Price, \$1.00. No circulars. Address NOVELTY RUBBER CO., Box 534 P. O., Philadelphia, Pa.

For old maids and widows only. Fun! Fun! Name paper, and send two dimes and letter stamp for sample. Address RUBBER CO., Box 57, Rock Falls, Iowa.

Readers wanting any article and don't know how to get it, address (inclosing stamped directed envelope), DAVID H. LAWSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

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A BARGAIN. Real imported French Sleeve Buttons (our chased at Custom-House sale for non-payment of duties in 100 different styles, most beautiful. I offer for 25c. set, 3 sets, 50c.; 7 sets, \$1.00. David H. Lawson, General Supply and Purchasing Agency, Philadelphia, Pa.

D. Keller, 24 John Street, N. Y. Manufacturer of Medals. Special designs will be furnished on application. A large assortment of American Watches in gold and silver cases. Also a full line of Diamonds at the lowest cash prices.

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Suicide's Cranks; or, The Curiousities of Self-Murder. My mail, 30c. A record of the oddities, romances and absurdities of suicide in Europe and America. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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Esposito, the Bandit; or, The Monarchs of THE MOUNTAINS. Lives and adventures of the most famous bandits of Italy, Greece, Turkey, India, Mexico, California, Texas, etc. With 25 superb illustrations. By mail, 30c. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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TO ADVERTISERS.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the *POLICE GAZETTE* is unrivaled. It is read by fully a million readers every issue, and has an annual circulation of nearly eight million copies. Subscribers bind the *GAZETTE*, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value. Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence. Estimates submitted upon application. A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices..... 200
Copy for advertisements must be in by Thursday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue. The *POLICE GAZETTE* has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/4 inches each, and 2 1/4 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

EUROPEAN EDITION.

Having completed special arrangements in London, England, over four thousand copies of the *GAZETTE* which are distributed weekly through my London agency, besides the usual mail to all parts of Europe. Advertisers desiring to reach European sporting men have an unprecedented opportunity to do so through this medium.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

Address all communications

RICHARD K. FOX,
New York

MINERAL WATERS.

WAUKESHA GLENN, QUEEN OF WATERS.

Guaranteed medicinally superior—containing more natural mineral salts. It is pure. Is the only diuretic water known in the world which acts directly upon the secretions of the Liver, Kidneys, Urinary and Generative Organs, and is Nature's Sovereign Remedy for that numerous class of diseases that afflict the human family. Thousands of testimonials mailed free.

T. H. BRYANT, Waukesha, Wis.

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Notice to Sporting Men.—Life Size Pictures of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well known theatrical and sporting photographer of 208 Bowery, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the *POLICE GAZETTE* photographer.

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50 CARDS "Embossed Beauties," all Chromos with your name on, large Checker Board, a full set of Dominoes, the merry game of "Muggins," the merry game of "Nine Penny Morris," the merry game of "Fox and Geese," full instructions for each game, Premium List, Sample Book, and our Great Prize Puzzle. (We offer \$100 for best solution.) \$1. postpaid, 18c., in stamps. U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

YOUNG MAN If you want a pack of parent Playing Cards that are "totally utter," send \$1 bill to GEO. T. WILSON, Box 322, Philadelphia, Pa.

Poker! If you want to win at Cards send for the Secret Helmer. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. Brown & Co., Salem, N. H.

15 FRINGE French Dolls with wardrobe of 38 pieces for 25c. F. W. AUSTIN, New Haven, Conn.

70 Chromo Cards and Tennyson's Poems mailed for 10 one-cent stamps. ACME MFG. CO., Ivoryton, Conn.

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The Irish Giant's Sporting House, 105 Bowery, New York. Capt. James U. Daly, the Irish champion athlete, proprietor. A great show every night. All the Irish champion pugilists and athletes will appear. Seating capacity for 500. Hall well ventilated. Admission free.

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Boxing! Boxing! Boxing! The Old House at Home, 103 Bowery, New York. The greatest boxing and variety show in New York. Open every night. Admission free. JOHN J. FLYNN, Proprietor.

Harry Hill's Great Sporting Variety Thea-tre, 26 East Houston St., New York. Variety and boxing performance every evening. Sacred concert every Sunday night.

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Patsy Hogan's Varieties and Sporting House leads the Pacific Coast, 865 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

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Cigars—Job lots in 100's at \$12, in 50's at \$13 per 1,000; sent C. O. D., fully guaranteed; price list free; no drummers. B. W. TAYLOR & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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SUFFERERS FROM

Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,

BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R-Cocain (from Erythroxylon coca), 1/4 drachm.
Jerubeneb, 1-2 drachm.
Helonias Dioca, 1-2 drachm.
Gelsemin, 8 grains.
Ext. Ignatia amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. Lepidandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s. **Mix.**
 Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

Address or call on
New England Medical Institute,
24 TREMONT ROW,
BOSTON, MASS.

Health is Wealth.—Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death. For mature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea, caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of return mail from six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued by West & Co. Orders filled by special agent, A. J. DITMAN, Chemist, Astor House, Broadway and Barclay Street, New York.



Tarrant's Compound
 OF CUBES AND COPAIBA.
 This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medicinal properties of the Cubes and Copaiba. One recommendation this preparation enjoys over all others is its neat, portable and convenient mode in which it may be taken in the form of a paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion. Prepared only by **TARRANT & CO., New York.**
 FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. My remedy cures the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address **Dr. H. G. ROOT, 123 Pearl St., New York.**

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I develop the form by a new process (never fails) and increase or reduce the flesh scientifically. Any part of form beautifully proportioned. Pitting, Freckles, Wrinkles, Moles and superfluous hair removed. Complexions bleached or artistically beautified. Full particulars, 4c. Address:
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A MEDICAL WORK GIVEN AWAY.
 Showing sufferers how they may be cured and recover health, strength and manly vigor with the aid of medicine. Will be sent free on receipt of 10c. for postage. **Dr. W. Young, 445 Canal Street, New York.** Mention this paper.

A Positive Cure without medicine. Patented Oct. 16, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate case in four days or less. **ALLAN'S SOLUBLE MEDICATED BOUGIES.** No nauseous doses of cubes, copaiba or oil of sandalwood, that are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coatings of the stomach. Price, \$1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular. P. O. Box, 1,538. **J. C. ALLAN Co., 82 John St., N. Y.**

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. **Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 121 Pearl St., N. Y.**

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Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured with Docuta Sandalwood. Cures in seven days. Avoid injurious imitations: none but the Docuta genuine. Full directions. Price, \$1.50; half boxes, 75 cents. All Druggists.

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REMEDY FREE.—A victim of youthful imprudence, causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, **J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.**

MANHOOD

To those suffering from the effects of youthful errors, seminal weakness, early decay, lost manhood, etc., I will send you particulars of a simple and certain means of self-cure, free of charge. Send your address to **F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.**

Opium, Morphine, Chloral, Whisky and Tobacco habits cured. Treatment simple, unobtrusive, effective. Restores nervous prostration, loss of vigor and vitality, from any cause; used by prominent athletes to sustain them during training and severe physical strain, with unfailing success. Circulars free. **GLUCK MEDICINE CO., 6 E. 14th St., N. Y.**

MANHOOD

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Send for **NEURVITA**, a certain cure for Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Premature Decay, etc. Write for particulars. **Dr. A. C. OLIN, Box 242, Chicago, Ill.**

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Dr. Fuller's Pocket Injection with Syringe

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Would You Know What the Devil is Doing for Our Boys?

Read "Trap for the Young." Price, \$1. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. **A. RAN DOLPH, P. O. Box 65, New York City.**

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SEEING IN THE NEW YEAR.

JOLLY SPORT AMONG THE GIDDY VASSAR GIRLS, FUN IN THE FORECASTLE AND A LONELY NEW YEAR'S EVE ON THE DESOLATE PRAIRIE.